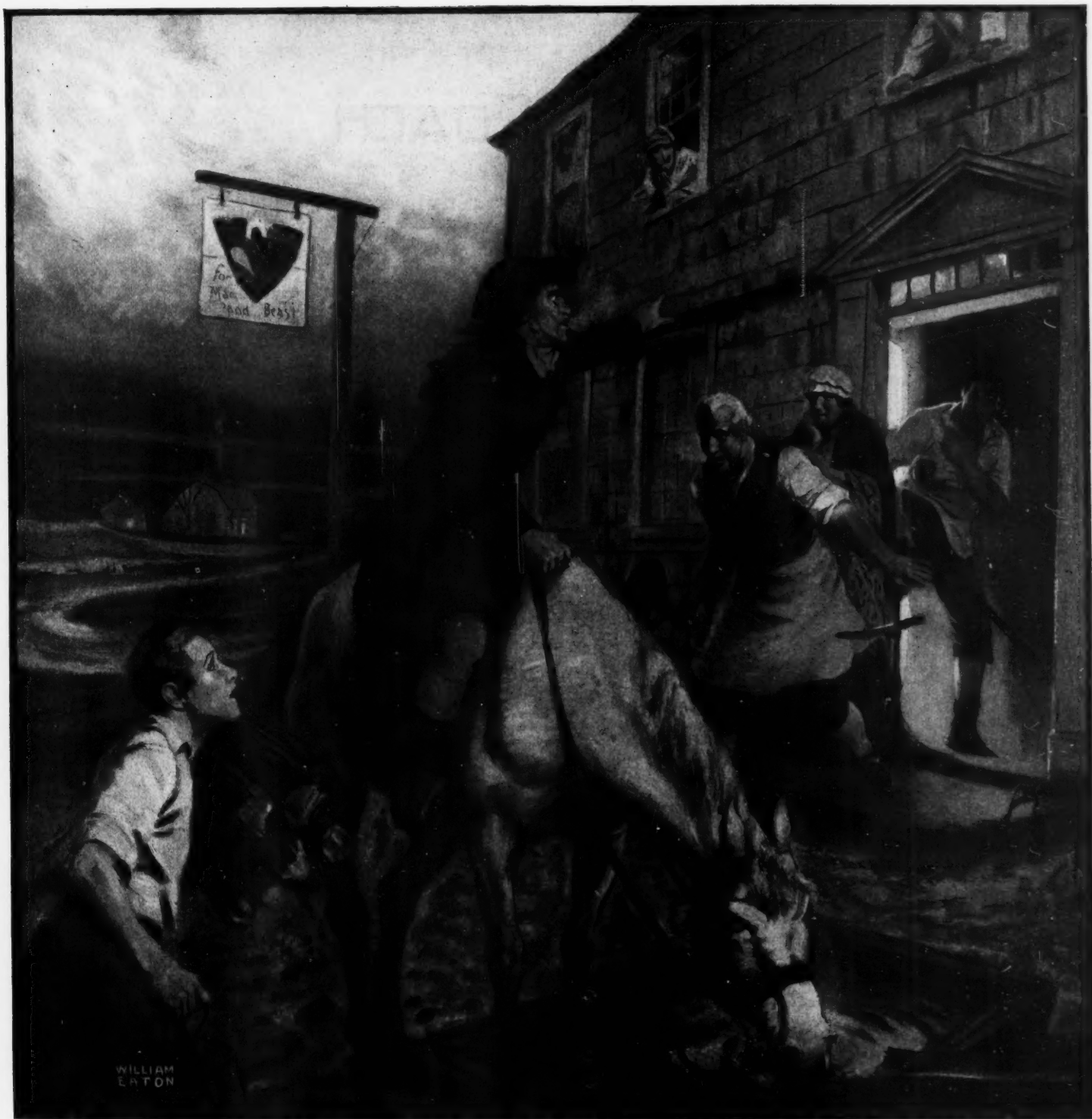


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION HISTORIC MILESTONES



PAINTED FOR THE COMPANION BY WILLIAM EATON



NO GREAT DEED OF PATRIOTISM • HOWEVER STRIKING OR PICTURESQUE • STANDS ALONE IN THE LIFE OF HIM WHO DOES IT • TO KNOW PAUL REVERE ONLY THROUGH HIS RIDE IS TO KNOW HIM FOR BUT A FEW EXALTED HOURS OF A LONG LIFE DEVOTED TO THE UNGRUDGING SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY • FAME RODE WITH HIM FOR A NIGHT • DUTY SHARED HIS ROOF



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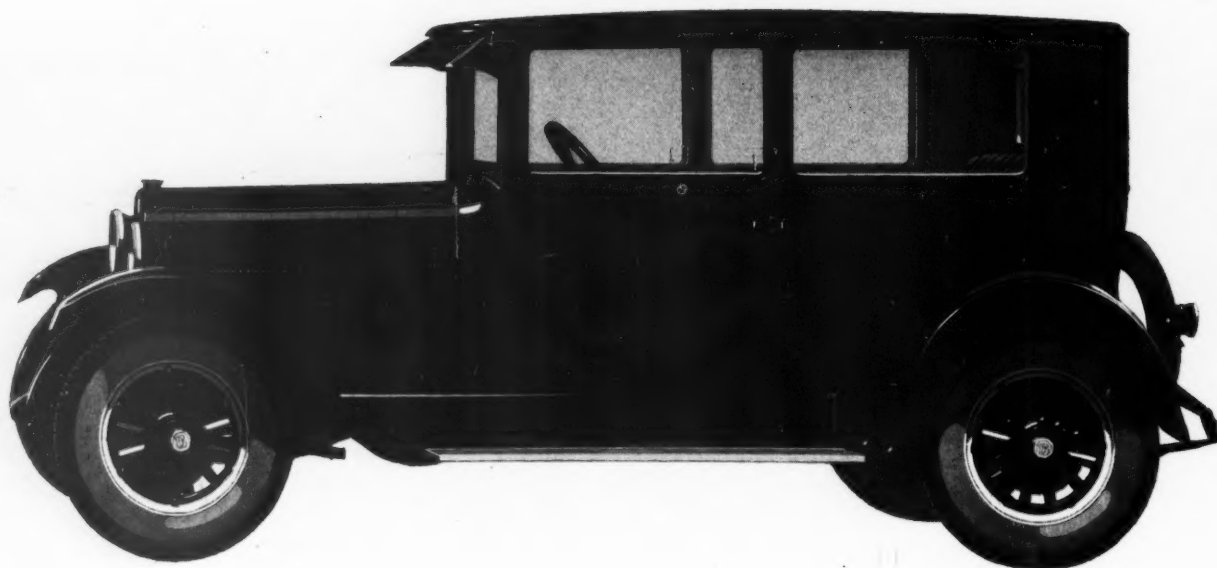
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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MAMZELLE GODMOTHER *By Anne McQueen*



IN the great city of Paris in her native land of France young Marie Leblanc had worked in millinery shops and dressmaking establishments, for she was quick and accurate, and she had the power of seeing visions and making them true with her needle.

But in the midst of her work Marie had always had other visions. She saw a cottage and a garden filled with delectable vegetables, roses and grapes; she saw white geese and fat hens and perhaps a gentle cow in a back lot munching grass. For Marie Leblanc, early orphaned, was a daughter of the land; when she had saved enough money at her trade she intended to buy a little place and become a market gardener whose vegetables should be crisper and finer, poultry fatter, little cottage cheeses smoother, than any other's. So had been the products of her great-grandparents, of her grandparents and of her own father and mother.

But it was not to the farm lands of France that Marie went; it was to the United States, where you might buy a whole farm for very little. There for many years, living near a great market for truck, Marie, known to all as "the old French Mamzelle," had found her dreams come true abundantly. Tight-fisted was the old Mamzelle—so her neighbors declared—and a shrewd driver of bargains. Her bank account was thought to be considerable.

"Those French can live well on what we waste," her competitors often said apologetically; "we don't know how, that's all. She ought to have a class of girls in her spare hours to teach to cook soup and such like. And to sew—all French folks know how to sew."

"Soup you don't eat," the farmer's wife would usually argue in rebuttal, "and as for sewing, old Mamzelle never wears anything except those long blue homespun smocks at work and a black frock on Sundays. Bet she couldn't trim a hat or make a dress to save her!"

Mamzelle Leblanc did not speak of her past in talking to her neighbors, not of the close sewing rooms, the great busy city where she had sat and sewed and sewed. But she often spoke with enthusiasm of the farms, the fat cows and the giant asparagus and strawberries.

Mamzelle stood at the gate of her little front yard and looked approvingly at her flower beds bordered with crisp vegetables. Chinese cabbage formed a border for some, feathery carrots for others, and rows of pot herbs bordered the narrow paths; tomato vines climbed the fence as a trellis, and bunch grapes, tied neatly, clustered against the porch.

Mamzelle did not speak English perfectly, though her thoughts, unhampered by the bewildering tongue of her adopted home, ran smoothly.

"I will not tell them, but the asparagus, the lettuce, the carrots are better than those my father grew in France," she thought proudly, "and as for prices—la, la! These Americans, they give so much for so little. And the money in the bank, what is it all for? To buy me a plot in the cemetery! But it is good to work, to make the money, and I may have, if the good God wills, a long life. I may need the money after all while I'm living."

A girl of perhaps sixteen was coming slowly up the road—a long, country road bordered with the green luxury of ancient

trees. At sight of her Mamzelle gave a little satisfied nod.

"The dear little Betty Page, who shall help me tie up my grapes and stay to lunch," she thought, "and I must have a little broiled chicken to celebrate and some pastry, for the poor Pages have many mouths to feed and little to put in them!"

"Come in, my little one," she called in her high, singing voice, "but you are the one I most wish to see,—such a help to me,—and we shall dine together, for I know the good mamma will not mind."

Betty Page smiled. She was a pretty girl with a joyous, happy nature, and her blue eyes looked sunnily upon the world, which some day she would conquer, so that she might take care of her mother, her invalid father and the children. Maud Muller had no brighter, more unselfish dreams than Betty Page.

But, now although the dimples struggled bravely to make a showing, the eyes did not do their part; they frankly ran over, and Mamzelle, sitting on the little camp chair that she carried round the garden with her, found her visitor's head buried in her lap, and Betty's voice, choked with tears, was sobbing that she had such a chance and couldn't take it! It was hard, so hard, to be poor!

When the tears were dried at last and the voice was more composed Betty told Mamzelle of the wonderful chance, Great-Aunt Page, her father's rich aunt, who was a widow and traveled nearly all the time, was in the city just for a day or two on business, and she had written to Mr. Page to send Betty, his eldest daughter, over the next day. If she should like Betty and think her worthy of an education,—so Great-Aunt Page wrote,—she would assume charge of the girl's education, provide clothes and pay all expenses for a full college course.

"I think father wrote her," said Betty, "that I was through high school, that I'd be seventeen soon and that I wanted to go to college and be a teacher. And if Great-Aunt Page likes me, she'll send me—but I can't go, because I haven't a thing in all the world fit to wear to a big hotel in the city! Not a hat except my old battered white straw one, and they've been wearing fall hats and fall frocks for a month! I've nothing but the— the slippers and silk stockings you gave me for my birthday. And—and—I'd have to be there tomorrow—to leave on the train that goes at six tomorrow afternoon."

"The white voile I have dyed for you a most lovely dark blue," said Mamzelle gently, if irrelevantly, for it was too cool to wear voiles any longer. "And what, bébé, have you in the bundle?"

Betty picked up a big unwieldy bundle wrapped in newspaper that she had thrown on the ground at Mamzelle's feet. "It's one of the old parlor curtains mother sent over—the ones you said you'd try dyeing some day. They've faded so; they belonged to mother's grandmother, I believe. I think they are ugly, but they are fine—brocaded velvet and strong. Mother said just take your own time, and when you've finished, if they are successful, she'll do as you said and make overdraperies of them instead of full long curtains."

"Yes, yes," said Mamzelle, nodding, "they

are too dark for that great old dark parlor of yours, though they are most excellent material of a beauty that was made and designed in my own country, I am certain. Dyeing will bring out the faded figures." She paused and stared intently at Betty. "It is a pity indeed," said Mamzelle softly, "that you will have to go so soon—six o'clock tomorrow afternoon, not?"

"Yes, just to stay to dinner; it is only a half hour's ride to the city, you know. Dinner in the hotel at seven and then come back on the ten o'clock train, and father would meet me at the station or mother and one of the children if he doesn't feel strong enough to walk a mile. And—and I can't go!"

"It has come to me," said Mamzelle in a quiet little voice and with eyes dreamy, "that I am in a mood to dye the blue velvet curtain today, so I shall ask you, little Betty, to go and come again when I have it out of the way. No, I can manage—there is no boiling with the new dye and just rinsing and drying in the shade. It is a most lovely windy day for drying. Just run along, little one, and—sweet dreams tonight!"

"I wonder," murmured Betty as she went disconsolately away, "what Mamzelle means; she fairly shooed me away! Well, people don't like as a rule to listen to other folks' troubles. But Mamzelle!"

Foreigners were queer after all, Betty decided. She could not see the visions that were forming once more in the head of the little

DRAWINGS BY HAROLD SICHEL

milliner of France—visions that had not taken form for so many, many years that it was hard to call them once more into being. At last Mamzelle rose briskly. In a little while she had just one of the curtains—there were four in the big dark parlor, but since they were bulky Mrs. Page had only sent one by Betty—dyed and hanging out to dry. Then she studied a magazine of French styles that Betty had brought a long time before as a curiosity. It was months old, but Mamzelle knew that those styles were new—and "very chic," she murmured, "though, oh, so different from those robes I used to make, those bonnets and toques I trimmed for Leroux."

When the curtain was nearly dry she pressed it skilfully. It was wonderfully renewed; the small conventional figures stood out from the rich background as if they were cut work. "And so rich a blue," murmured Mamzelle as she laid the book of styles on the chair beside her table, took the old voile, which fitted Betty very well, and proceeded to slash fearlessly into the precious curtain that was an heirloom!

"A coat dress—and so little work on it,"

All the rest of the family gathered to comment and to admire her



said Mamzelle as she found by chance a blue spool of silk in her work basket, "and it is lucky I have this thread."

She stitched up the straight seams on her old machine and finished them beautifully. When at last she had finished it was night and her bedtime. She put the last touch in the form of a wonderful crushed bow at the side fastening, and the curtain dress was made. No young lady even in the city would have a smarter one!

"Good, very good," Mamzelle praised her handiwork, "and now I shall drink myself one cup of coffee, for I shall not sleep until I have conceived a hat to go with this costume."

She pressed the dress carefully and, draping it on a coat hanger, left it till morning. Then she did a queer thing; she trotted out with her lantern to the poultry yard where her white geese, after their manner, were roaming round in the darkness, uttering loud honks as they saw the unaccustomed lantern invading their abode.

"Come to me, my gander," murmured Mamzelle, selecting the biggest and whitest of her flock. "I will just take a few quills. I need them so much for the little Cinderella who will want them to wear tomorrow."

The indignant gander squawked at the outrage, but his mistress firmly but tenderly plucked long white quills from his wings before she set him, quivering his outraged feathers, among his mates. Then Mamzelle went to bed and in spite of the coffee slept very well, for she had had a hard day's work.

In the morning when she had made her little house clean and shining, fed her poultry and milked her cow, Mamzelle got out an old bandbox of pasteboard from an unused closet shelf. She cut the box skillfully, all the time gazing intently at the picture of a finished hat in the magazine of styles.

"I measured the robe by the voile, so it will be correct," she said to herself, "but the hat I shall try on my own head, which is small like Betty's."

She fitted together a band of pasteboard, sewing it into a circle with a narrow crown of the same. It fitted tightly, and Mamzelle nodded with satisfaction and then proceeded to cut into the scraps of velvet left from the curtain.

When the frame of pasteboard was covered with smooth folds of the brocade she got out her feathers and began clipping and shredding the gander's quills in a wonderful way unknown to an amateur. It was afternoon before Mamzelle had completed her work and sewn a wreath of lacy, egret-like plumes in a wide bandeau round the velvet hat, which was to be pulled firmly down over the ears—a *cloche*, the magazine called such a small hat.

She hurriedly ate a lunch of bread and milk, folded the dress and laid it in a wide basket; then wrapping her beloved achievement of old curtain and gander feathers in a newspaper, she perched it on top of the basket, took it on her arm and set forth for the Page place, a mile across the fields.

"Behold Mamzelle Godmother!" she called gayly as she entered the dark hall of the old Page home. "Come forth and see the lovely new dress and the new hat of Cinderella, who goes on the six o'clock train to the city!"

Mrs. Page and Betty came hastily forth from the kitchen. Mamzelle displayed her wares, and Betty, wildly happy, tried them on. All the rest of the family gathered to comment and to admire her; she looked, they declared, like "a picture out of a fashion book truly!"

"I declare, Mamzelle, you are a genius, nothing less!" said Betty's mother when a few minutes later the girl stood, flushed and radiant, in her slim coat dress of brocade velvet, with her hat to match and her little patent leather slippers with—how could Mamzelle have guessed?—blue silk stockings with white clocks!

"I am French, my dear," replied Mamzelle, laughing, "and once worked in such fabrics, but it is a long time ago, and I love gardening best."

But that night when Mamzelle lay in her narrow little bed she thought with pleasant thrills of her triumph. Betty would look so lovely, and she was so sweet; her great-aunt would surely be charmed with such a niece, and her future be assured. Mamzelle was glad, for the Pages were so poor, and the father such a gentleman and unable to work.

"If he were lazy now, I would not care, but his health is poor, and the children so small. Betty can do so much for them when she is educated and can get a grand place as a teacher. It will be good to know that I with

my gander's quills and her mother's old curtain have helped!"

She was eager to see Betty, who had promised to come as soon as possible. She would have such a wonderful story to tell! Mamzelle hoped she was not too shy to enjoy her good meal at the hotel; the Pages had so few of them.

It was rather late next day when Betty came slowly up the path bordered with thyme and parsley and fennel—Betty, whose feet usually danced along the white gravel.

"Oh, *chérie*, what has happened?" asked Mamzelle in a quiver. "Surely, surely the great-aunt has not disappointed you!"

Betty laughed, though tears were shining in her blue eyes. "She—she seemed to like me very well. We had a beautiful dinner—so many dishes I never saw, and wonderful frozen pudding. But—before I left she gave me this note for father. She sealed it," said Betty indignantly, "as if I would read his note! I—I brought it for you to read, Mamzelle."

Slowly Mamzelle opened the missive; slowly, with uncomprehending eyes she read, bewildered. Then she reread it, and the meaning was plain. The letter said:



My dear Nephew:

From what you wrote me I imagined you to be very poor indeed. From the appearance of your young daughter I realize that you are not. I am not able to send two girls to college, and I think, such being the case, that I shall select Mary Patton, a niece of my late husband. She is worthy, I am sure, and her parents are really needy.

Betty is pretty and has good manners. But from her appearance—her dress and hat must have cost a good deal more than poor people are able to afford—I imagine that she persuades you to spend money on her clothes that should be used for cultivating her mind. I recommend this to you both and am
Your affectionate aunt,
Louisa Page.

Mamzelle uttered her indignation in her native tongue. English could poorly express her feelings! Then she laughed.

"Madame, the good great-aunt, does me honor by praising my work," she said with a little bow, "and now, little Betty, I have an offer to make your good papa. I have money in the bank, drawing so very little interest, and I desire to lend you enough for your college course of four years, is it not? Well, four years at more than the bank pays me, for I am, oh, yes, what they call close-fisted, and it will be very nice to lend the money

—and know I get more than the bank. How will that do, my little one?"

"Oh!" breathed Betty. "If he will, Mamzelle, I can pay it surely when I teach!"

When Mamzelle made him her offer Mr. Page declared that he could take care of the interest if Mamzelle could wait. And Betty—he knew his Betty—would surely pay it all back in time.

"It will be a favor so great," vowed Mamzelle, "to get more money than the bank gives. And I shall wish her to go well clad. A young woman is judged by her clothes, as we have found out."

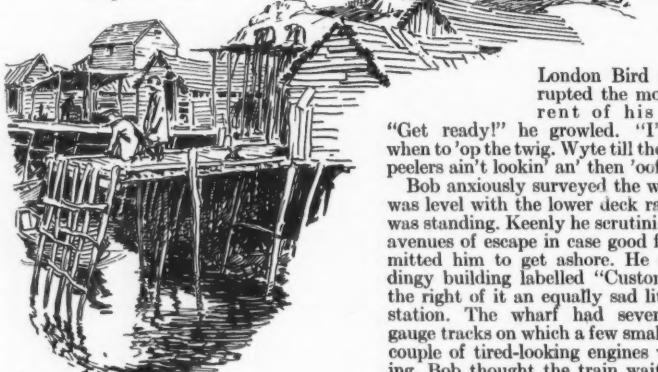
Mamzelle helped to select, very wisely, Betty's wardrobe when she went in a few weeks to the college that had been her dream so long. Of course the girl did well, and she graduated with honors. Mamzelle in her best black silk sat with Betty's parents during the graduation exercises and thrilled with pride in her protégée. And when the exercises were at last over she slipped into Betty's hand an envelope; it contained her promissory note for the money that Mamzelle had lent—a note that she had insisted that the girl and not her father should give.

"This, my dear," said the old lady, with laughing voice and tear-wet eyes, "is another little gift from Mamzelle Godmother to her own godechild, the Princess Cinderella!"

COASTS OF PERIL

By George Allan England

Chapter Four



DRAWINGS BY
RODNEY
THOMSON

London Bird soon interrupted the mournful current of his reflections. "Get ready!" he growled. "I'll tell you when to 'op the twig. Wyte till them bloomin' peelers ain't lookin' an' then 'oof it!"

Bob anxiously surveyed the wharf, which was level with the lower deck rail where he was standing. Keenly he scrutinized possible avenues of escape in case good fortune permitted him to get ashore. He saw a long dingy building labelled "Customs" and to the right of it an equally sad little railway station. The wharf had several narrow-gauge tracks on which a few small cars and a couple of tired-looking engines were standing. Bob thought the train waiting for the boat passengers the most uninviting he had ever seen.

All those things, however, didn't interest Bob so much as the highway behind the station. It was a high way indeed, for it started precipitously from the pier and climbed along the side of the cliff at an amazing angle. The road, which led crookedly to the town, appeared to Bob his only avenue of escape.

"If you was only on that road now!" whispered the London Bird a little maliciously. "But you wyte, Yank. I'll get you there, 'cos I'm h'onest, I am!"

The wharf presented a scene of great confusion. People were pushing and clamoring, waving handkerchiefs at the new arrivals along the rail of the passenger deck and shouting to and fro as at North Sydney. Bob thought their language very odd. A good deal of it he could not understand. For the first time he was hearing the Newfoundland dialect in thickly confused tones:

"How much you gittin' a cantal now, Jude?"—"Hello, b'y! I hear you're fishin' on count now!"—"No, I'm fishin' high line."—"An' John's goin' to git a hard knock this year."—"Go w'y wid y'r bad 'id! Tom's gave out all he's goin' to be stabbed fer."—"An' is he clear of Jock?"

The broken bits of strange English were interrupted by the London Bird, who pinched Bob's arm. "Now, Yank!" said he. "Over with you an' aw'y! Don't run, though, but keep goin' an' don't come back while we're in port! Blimey, w'y don't you go?"

Bob felt his legs tremble as he gripped his meal bag and clambered over the rail. He jumped down to the pier, shoved through the crowd and, bag in hand, started to walk off. Two or three of the roustabouts on the pier

looked his way. One of the constables turned an incisive gaze at him. But the London Bird was equal to the emergency. He called out:

"Ustle back with them potatoes, Jim! An' don't be gone long. Blimey! I ain't goin' to peel 'em all myself. You got to 'elp me!"

"All right!" Bob answered and with seeming unconcern made his way between the custom house and the railway station.

The constable scratched his head and then strode up the gangplank to begin his more important work of questioning all the passengers. No one, so far as the stowaway could see, appeared to be paying him any attention.

The officer on the bridge was now leaning his elbows on the railing and looking down at the crowd. The quartermaster was nowhere to be seen. All was confusion, and through it, ragged, penniless and alone, without friends or any plan of action, Bob Graham walked off the wharf. Now for the first time he set foot on the harsh and rocky soil of Newfoundland.

Free! Free—or so he thought. Without hesitating or turning to look back he struck into the long, steep road that carved its winding ascent into the side of the steep cliff overhanging the harbor. A few stragglers, late comers to see the arrival of the Kyle, were clumping in rough boots down the cliff road. They didn't even give Bob a "Good day" or so much as a second glance. What is there to notice in a ragged, dirty boy with a grain sack?

Bob kept climbing. He hadn't the least idea whether he might be bound, but at any rate he was putting more distance between the steamer and himself. Down at a smart pace came a jouncing, two-wheeled cart with long shafts on its way to the boat for baggage. The horse was driven by a young chap about Bob's own age. The fellow never even glanced at him, and the fugitive felt much encouraged.

"I guess I look rough and poor enough to pass even in this hard country," he thought.

His heart grew lighter. He swung the bag over his shoulder and even began to whistle a bit, though the steep climb didn't leave him much breath for whistling. A few minutes' walk brought him to the top of a rise, where the road swung round the cliff. There he would pass from sight of the ship, and from there the town itself was visible. Bob paused and, leaning on the stout fence that edged the precipice down to the surf, looked round him.



There was no pursuit; of that he felt positive. Far below breakers were creaming over harsh rocks. Mid-summer though the season was, the sun loomed dull and cold through the chilly fog. The view showed the whole harbor spread out like a map, with here and there schooners, dories and motor boats, the sound of the sharp exhausts of which drifted up to the stranger. Halfway to the mouth of the harbor lay the little island with the small, white light tower. Then came the heaving sea gate, and to the right of it Channel Head with the great lighthouse. The open sea lay still veiled in fog. From the headland now was drifting a low, mournful hooooo-ing as a fog-horn gave its signal.

"My, this is certainly a hard-looking place!" said Bob. "All rocks and surf and fog! I shouldn't want to do much navigating round here!"

He turned and peered back toward the Kyle. Now, far away and below, she seemed a toy boat. Up drifted a great clatter of winches. Bob could see trunks and freight being hoisted by booms and donkey engines. Far through the damp, chilly air, quite different from that of Cape Breton, he could hear the rough voices of sailors:

"Go ahead!"—"Come back a step!"—"Put the wire round her!"—"Let go!"

Now a great crowd on the steamer were congested along the rail. The constables were questioning everyone. A thin stream of people was straggling down the gangplank. Bob smiled a little. "Anyhow," thought he, "I don't have to wait for a lot of red tape. I'm on my way!"

Just whither that way might lead he didn't know. All he knew was that he was stranded in Newfoundland without a cent and that the thief whom he had chased was already far on his way toward Rose Blanche and St. Pierre. But youth is full of optimism; it cannot long remain dejected. With a heart resolved never to say die Bob turned and once more plodded along the cliff-side road.

In spite of cold and hunger he found a good deal to interest him in the long, winding, muddy thoroughfare. The curious aspect of the town also diverted him. He saw a straggling line of plain little houses stuck on to the rocks at whatever angle and elevation they could find lodgment. Most of the buildings, which were on log stilts, seemed clinging to the steep ledges with long, desperate tentacles. Now the cliff retreated, and a little land, less steep, thrust itself down toward the harbor. There the houses clustered more thickly. Crooked lanes wandered between close-built fences of spruce poles; the lanes meandering among tiny gardens showed glimpses of blue and gray water at their far extremities. Many of the houses were shingled up the sides. They looked asrough and pinched as the men and women who dwelt in them and walked the narrow lanes or as the barefooted, tousled children who were everywhere to be seen.

Bob saw many patches of thin grass, but no trees. The earth seemed a mere skin over the rugged rock bosses, hardly enough to grow grass for the numerous goats and sheep. Some of the animals were daubed with red paint so that their owners could identify them. The most curious thing was the way in which nearly all the hens were treated; those spiritless fowls had sticks tied under their wings with bits of string so that the sticks protruded on each side. Bob wondered about it, but couldn't understand it.

He kept on and on at random, shivering a little and with the bag over his shoulder. Everywhere, now to the right as well as to the left—for Port-aux-Basques is a long, irregular peninsula—he saw coves, dories, schooners and fascinating sea vistas. The smell of fish drifted over the little town. A ship's bell rang from the harbor. The fog-horn sounded ever louder. From unseen places along fish piers and little wharves men's voices echoed.

The wanderer had no idea where he was going or what he was going to do for a bite to eat. Not one penny remained in his pockets. He had never worked for money,—he had had only what his father had given him,—and he couldn't beg. No one paid any attention to him. He felt very much alone in the world, tired and cold and hungry, very far from anywhere, quite at the end of his string.

"Say, this is a great proposition, isn't it?" thought he and leaned wearily against a fence. "I seem to be in wrong, don't I?"

A man in the yard where Bob had stopped



"Us takes what us can get an' is thankful"

raised his head to observe the stranger. The man must have been different from the others, for he looked interested. He was elderly, thin and bent and had sharp blue eyes and a whiskered cheek. He had been fussing with a big brown net spread out on another fence, near which were piled lobster pots, lobster buoys and a couple of killock anchors.

"Civil marnin', b'y," he said to the newcomer.

"Yes," assented Bob, though he thought it a very disagreeable morning indeed. "Say," he added, stung by curiosity, "what have you got those sticks tied on the hens for?"

"I dear say that'll be quite a curiosity to an outlander," replied the fisherman, leaning on the fence. "Them'll be yokes fer to keep un out o' the gardens. Vegetables bes wonderful scarce here. Us can't even grow potatoes. Has to bring un from Prince Edward's. Bout all us can git of the land is goats an' sheep. An' 'count of they us can't keep dogs. Dogs'd be a wonderful help to we. 'Tis a hard land, b'y." And, leaving his nets, he walked slowly across the little yard toward the wanderer. "It bes wonderful hard!"

"Yes, I see it's hard," answered Bob, whose heart was warmed by the kindly face of the old man. "It's all new to me."

"Where's y'r way, b'y?" "What?" asked Bob, not understanding. "I mean where d'ye b'lang? What's y'r nation-ality? Yankee?"

"Yes, and out of luck!" Bob leaned wearily against the fence. Pale and spent, he shivered violently. Except for the London Bird's poor snack he had eaten nothing since the previous noon and was almost on his last legs. "Fact is I'm broke. Haven't got a cent, and—and I'm hungry. You—haven't got any work I could do, have you, so I could get a bite to eat?"

"I dear say I might. So ye're hungry, b'y? Ye do look kind of puckerin'. Not very cracky." The old fisher looked at him keenly. "Ever jig squid?"

"What?"

"I mean ketch squid wid a jigger?"

"I—no; that is, I don't quite understand. What's a jigger?"

"I'll show ye. It's a kind of hook. Ever do any fishin', b'y?"

"Well, yes. I've caught trout and bass and—"

"Never ketched no cod, eh?"

"No, but I could try," answered Bob, rejoiced at the prospect of work and food.

"Do you need somebody to help you?"

"Yes. My b'y, Sam, he've went to Train-vain fer a couple of days to see a liveyere named Kelligrew. He've took the deck boat an' went, an' I'm short-handed. She bes a good boat even if she do mouse on to one side a bit. If ye'll jig quid an' fish cod wi' I, they be a dollar in it fer ye an' a sup of victuals."

All that was fairly unintelligible to Bob, but he made out

that he was hired. "Suits me!" he exclaimed with more enthusiasm than he had felt in a good while.

If anyone had told him twenty-four hours before that he would have rejoiced to accept the offer of a Newfoundland fisherman, he wouldn't have listened to such nonsense. But the scene had shifted; things were different now. And though he had suffered great reverses and felt infinitely far from help, his heart became lighter.

"Come in an' mug up then," bade the fisher, swinging the gate open. "I'll not be ready fer half an hour. Come!"

Bob needed no second invitation. As they walked up the gravel path the old fisher eyed him sharply. The contrast between Bob's speech and his dishevelled appearance was surely striking; but in that rough country nothing need be wondered at very long.

"What's y'r name, b'y?" asked the old man as they reached the dwelling, which Bob now saw was only an old ship's deck house hauled ashore and shingled. The sea beat in almost under it.

"Oh, I'm just an American that got on the wrong boat," answered Bob. "I wouldn't want my folks to know I made a mistake, so, if it's all the same to you, call me Bill." And he dropped the grain sack.

"All right, Bill," said the fisher, smiling. "My name's Arioch Chislett, an' I'm a liveyere. Been here, man an' b'y, sixty-eight year. An' it bes a rough country; that's as true as the light. Well, come rate in, b'y. Ma," he said, addressing a stout woman in the kitchen, "ma, this 'ere's a Yankee what's got lost or somethin'. He be goin' a-fishin' wi' I. Mug him up, will ye? Give he a bowl of tay?"

"Ma," who was gray-haired, good-humored and elderly, scrutinized the stranger with eyes that needed no spectacles; few eyes do need them in Newfoundland, for reading isn't much practiced. "Wash up an' set!" she said.

Bob proceeded to wash, using a tin basin, "blubber soap" and a roller towel that had several patches on it. Then he drew up to an oilcloth-covered table and with eager appetite waited. The kitchen, he saw, was small and plain, but reasonably clean. Its ceiling was of boards painted white. It has a fair stove, and on the walls hung calendars with gaudy lithographs, pictures mostly of the British royal family. The cupboard contained china and glassware of vivid hues. Cheesecloth curtains shaded windows through which were visible stern bits of Channel Head, and a brown canvas, once part of a schooner's mainsail, covered the floor.

"Like fish an' bruise?" Arioch asked suddenly.

"What?" replied Bob, puzzled, as he smoothed up his wet, tawny hair.

"I dear say ye're more used to 'am an' h'eggs fer breakfast, b'y, but them'll be scarce here. That bes all us got the marnin', fish an' bruise wid a sup of tay."

"I—I don't know what you mean," said Bob. "But if it's anything to eat, I'll like it all right."

Arioch laughed soberly as befitted that sober land. "Bring on the fish an' bruise, ma," he directed. "Bill, he ain't pertie'lar."

Bob wasn't particular in the least and with great appetite fell to when "ma" set a heaping plateful before him. The plate contained boiled salt cod and some unknown substance.

"That are bruise, b'y," explained Arioch. "Ship's biscuit b'iled wid water an' a little condensed milk. Make us right an' I'd as soon have un as potatoes. Like un, do ye?"

"I'll say I like it!" answered the wanderer.

"Sup y'r tay, b'y."

"I don't drink tea, thank you."

"Sup it up an' don't be nonsense! It'll keep the fog out!"

Thus urged, Bob drank strong unsweetened tea. It helped warm him. His strength and spirits were fast reviving. For the moment his loss was pushed into the background of his mind.

"That's wonderful!" he exclaimed at last, getting up. "Well, I'm all ready for work now."

"Ye talk willin', b'y," said Arioch approvingly. "Now us'll git into our hileskins an' git aw'y."

"Oileskins? What for?"

"Ye'll see when us gits outside the head."

"Oh, you're going out to sea, are you?"

"Only three or four mile, b'y. An' civil weather like this 'tis nothin'. It be ca'm the marnin'."

"Cahn! Why, I thought it was awful rough!" exclaimed the wanderer.

"Us calls this rate ca'm," replied Arioch, smiling. "Well, come on now. If us be goin' to git a fare o' fish afore night, us got to go!"

They started presently, carrying luncheon in a basket and a jug of spruce beer. Both in oileskins, they walked down the narrow road.

"My dory's down a-past the cemetery," said Arioch. "I dear say this country looks quare to ye. No automobiles here. No roads fer un. Us outports is all cut off from one 'nother. Very few horses neither. Them'd starve here. Ye be in a rough land, I'm sayin'."

Bob didn't mind. He felt fine now and happy. Not even the prospect of rough water outside the head daunted him. Little he knew what was awaiting him! Curiously he looked at the little stores with their shabby, costly stocks—oranges and bananas, for example, tagged "Ten cents apiece"—and at the occasional boys carrying water on hand barrows.

Arioch pointed at a strange mound of earth and grass with a chimney sticking up. "Yon's a potat'ie cellar," he explained. "Ain't earth enough for real cellars, so us builds 'em above ground. Ain't no earth hardly. See the cemetery, eh?" He gestured at its white fence. "Graves has to be made on the top an' sodded o'er. Some places, like down to Pushtrough, the mourners brings earth in baskets. Us don't have many doctors neither. Some outports is forty mile from a doctor, an' it's cheaper to be sick in winter, 'cause then the doctor can skate to see ye. An' us don't have much 'Parnin'. I dear say all you Yankees can read an' write, eh? Well, here only part of our little uns 'Parns how. Ye think that quare, eh?"

Bob did think so, but he was too polite to say it. Instead he asked: "What chance is there for me to get to St. Pierre?"

"French St. Pierre?"

"Yes. That's where I want to go. Right away if I can."

"H'm! That'll be a hard place to fetch, I'm thinkin'." The Glencoe used to make that run, but she bes off now. Ketch a schooner down the coast; that'll be y'r best w'y, lad. But there bes no tellin' when ye might git one. An' that cost money too. An' ye say ye got none?"

"That's right. Not

a cent. But if I could get a job on a schooner or something?"

Arioch shrugged his shoulders. "Jobs be scarce as herrin's eyebrows, b'y. If ye bes anyways in a hurry to fetch the Pier, I'm thinkin' ye ain't no luck at all. It might be weeks afore ye'd strike the chance. So ye'd best fergit it, lad, an' turn y'r hand to what offers. 'Tis a hard life here. Us takes what us can get an' is thankful. This way, b'y."

They turned down a crooked lane inhabited by geese and goats and "yoked" hens. It wound deviously among the rocks, where little shanties were perched, and

finally led to a rough pier of tree trunks interlaced and ballasted with rocks. There Arioch pulled in his dory from its moorings.

"Chuck down the duffle," he directed, "an' jump in."

When they were both aboard, he took some wooden pins hanging by cords from the gunwales of the dory and fitted them into holes. "Them be thole pins, b'y," he explained. "Us strings 'em to the gunnels so us can't lose 'em. Them pins an' our paddles has to be good an' stout. They means life sometimes. Here, I'll fix y'r hands, an' then ye can bale."

He produced a bottle of yellowish liquid, with which to Bob's mystification he at once smeared his own hands and the wader's.

"Rub un in good," he directed. "That bes picric. It keep the squid from makin' y'r hands sore. Wi' that an' a couple of brass chains on y'r wrists to keep the water welps aw'y, no man need take harm from the coddin'."

"What are water welps?"
"Oh, sores like. I've had 'em that bad I've took me knife an' scrope 'em down fer spite. But brass chains bes a cure. Now, b'y, take

the scoff an' bale. This here dory need plimmin' wonderful bad."

"Calkin', you mean?"
"Calkin', yes. Plimmin'—all the same. To work wi' ye!"

Bob seized the handled scoop and began flinging bilgewater over the gunwale. Arioch seated himself on the midships thwart, dropped his "paddles" between the thole pins and lay to with great vigor. Swinging the dory's nose to the open sea, he drove her toward tumultuous waters, where strange events and perils manifold lay waiting.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LAST TRIP OF THE ANCON STAGE

By Harry R. Peterson



TWO stages were backed against the curb at San Gabriel Crossing; the drivers were waiting in the baking heat of the mountain junction while they waited for the noon train from the city. One was a new and shiny automobile bus. Behind the wheel sat Don McKay, looking capable and trim in his khaki breeches, puttees and pongee shirt. The other stage was an antiquated yellow buckboard with high, iron-shod wheels. The two mules that were its motive power were drowsing near the hitching post. The driver, old Zeb Mallow, in overalls, perched on the cushionless board seat of the buckboard; his gray beard was damp with perspiration. He glared contemptuously at the bus and pointed with his whip at the new tires.

"So ye're plannin' to use them little things on th' ol' San Gabri'l," he said contemptuously. "Huh! Auto road! Ye and th' Camp Ancon people be plumb crazy! Ye don't know that river; she's treacherous as a sidewinder. She changes her channels overnight an' scoops the crossin's out ten feet deep. Them little bridges of yourn won't last a week. Ain't nobody knows th' San Gabri'l till they been fordin' her fer ten year same as me. Ain't no one understands that river like me!"

His voice quavered off, and he muttered to himself. Many persons believed that old Zeb was a trifle "queer," that his years of battling with the swift river crossings had affected his mind. He always piloted his two mules, Rat and Sarah, with a running fire of encouragement, advice and sarcasm.

And the jolting of that old mountain stage! Springs it possessed, but they were forged in '99 or thereabouts to stand the roughest crossings in Southern California. After one experience with the twenty-three crossings on the Ancon road passengers who used the stage preferred to hike back over the Snowslide Pass trail rather than, as one fisherman expressed it, "to have their backbones shoved up through their necks and tied in a hard knot."

Complaints became so numerous that the business of the camp suffered. Since the river was low, Williams, the enterprising new manager of the camp, had hired a crew, spanned the crossings with corduroy bridges and transported his own passengers free. It was of course impossible for Zeb to compete with such a man.

"Ye don't dare charge 'em nothin'!" he continued his taunting. "Ye'd violate my franchise. I'd have the law on ye! The idee of thinkin' that tin wagon can beat the San Gabri'l!"

McKay was annoyed. He objected to having the bus called a tin wagon; furthermore his small daughter Molly up at the camp had been taken ill that morning; both he and his wife were worried, and Zeb's nagging disturbed him. He felt sorry for the old man, whose stage-driving days seemed numbered, but he was carrying his sarcasm too far.

"It isn't our fault if those rat tails of yours are too slow for the passengers," he retorted.

Zeb was furious. His beard bristled; he thrust his chin out aggressively at this greenhorn who

dared criticize the best mules south of the Tehachep. "Young feller, thar's more sense in one ear of them mules than you've got in yore whole body! Thar's—"

But the train arrived and ended the argument. Half a dozen fishermen threw their bags on the platform.

"Stage fer Camp Ancon!" shouted Zeb hoarsely.

McKay said nothing. The neatly painted words, "Camp Ancon," on the bus did the work. The six gave one glance at the battered buckboard and then piled into the automobile. Only a grizzled miner much down at the heel chose the mule team. He was Uncle Billy of the Prairie Fork, who paid for his transportation in mountain honey. As a passenger he had in the current phrase always been a losing proposition, but this time he saved the day for the mule stage.

Zeb started his animals quickly to beat the bus at the outset. He cracked his long whip in a terrifying but harmless flick on Sarah's neck, and the Ancon Stage was off, rattling down the road towards the tortuous cañon of the San Gabriel. He pulled up for a moment at the post office for miners' mail, seized a few letters including one addressed to himself and then urged his mules on again.

"Come on now, Sarah, shake them legs of yourn. Rat's beatin' ye. Git a move on!"

Near the cañon Zeb jerked the reins quickly just in time to avoid the bus as it whizzed by. Sarah sheered off, and her ears fanned the air violently.

"Thar now, Sarah, don't ye pay no attention to that buzz wagon. Folks is gettin' plumb crazy; nothin' in their heads but speed. Thar's some places it don't work. Can't fool with the ol' San Gabri'l in no buzz wagon!"

At the first corduroy bridge Zeb stopped to water the mules.

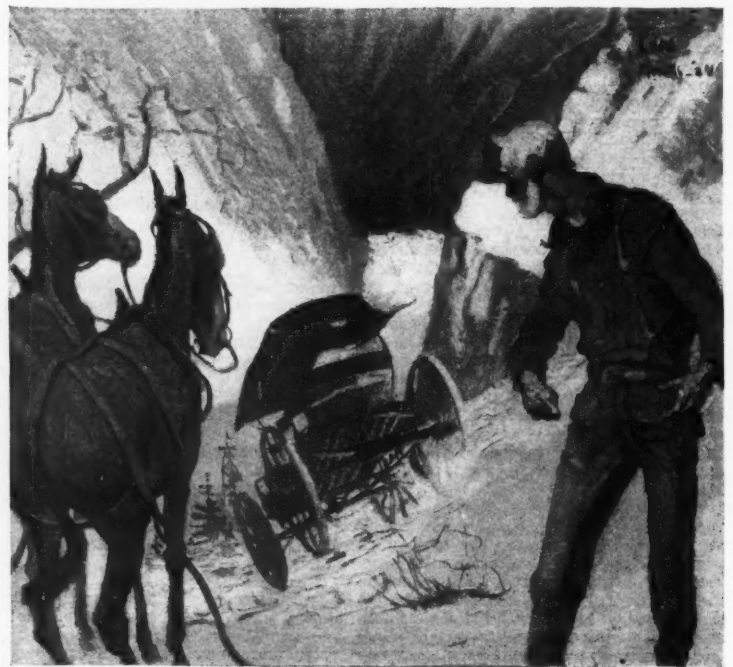
Only half its usual depth, the river was murmuring beneath sycamores and live oaks; the water was sparkling in the translucent mountain air. Zeb got down, cupped some of the river water in his hand and peered at it. Then he cocked one eye at the saw-tooth peaks that towered range upon range to the north. "Thought so!" he muttered. "Tonight mebbe. Well, reckon I got time to squint at that letter fer me."

He put on a pair of antiquated glasses, broke the seal and read slowly:

Mr. Zeb Mallow,
San Gabriel Crossing, Cal.
Dear Sir:

Because of the numerous complaints that have reached this office that the stage service from the Crossing up the San Gabriel River is both slow and unsatisfactory we have found it necessary to revoke your franchise, effective at once. As the road is now passable for automobiles, we shall favor the quicker transportation of an auto bus in granting a new franchise. On account of your long experience, if you can offer first-class auto service at once, we will consider your application first.

Zeb stared silently for a moment, astounded. Then he tucked the letter into his pocket out of sight of the curious Uncle Billy "Quicker trans-portion. Auto bus!" he repeated. Then he mounted to the driver's



The wagon careened down the slope

seat and sat with his head sunk on his breast.

Two hours later the Ancon Stage trailed into the high mountain camp an hour behind schedule. Old Zeb was hunched over in the driver's seat, staring at the purpling peaks ahead as if in a dream; Rat and Sarah ambled as slowly as they pleased. Only once on the way up had Zeb roused himself from his dejection; at the last crossing he stopped and placed a chip an inch from the edge of the hurrying water. He stared earnestly at the pine slopes towards the north. He observed a veil of haze of a peculiar plum color that hid the top of the highest mountain, whence it reached downward in a funnel-like swirl. He waited for a moment, observed that the chip had floated off and then mounted and drove on.

It was a hushed and quiet camp that Zeb entered ten minutes later. To his astonishment the bus was parked before the office door, warming up for the trip down. McKay's wife was carrying a quilt-swathed bundle to the rear seat of the car. A knot of sympathizing guests were standing near McKay, whose face was drawn with anxiety, climbed up behind the wheel.

"The cold's got into the little girl's lungs," one of the bystanders informed Zeb. "She's bad. Got to get her down out of this altitude to a doctor quick. Lucky they've got an automobile!"

Zeb strode up to the driver. "Be you aimin' to go down tonight?" he inquired. "Cause if ye be, I'm tellin' ye that buzz wagon 'll never make it. The river's risin'. See that cloud up thar?"

McKay looked. "That's just an ordinary rain cloud," he said. "I've got chains." He waved Zeb away impatiently as the child in the rear seat coughed painfully. "Don't bother me; I'm in a hurry to get down."

With a clash of gears the bus started.

"Stop that car, I tell ye!" yelled Zeb.

"He's all right, old-timer," said one of the guests gently. "That's

a powerful machine. A little rain won't matter."

"Rain!" shouted Zeb. "That's no rain, ye idjits, that's a cloudburst comin' down the mountain like wildfire! The river's up five inches already; she'll come r'arin' down here by dark ten foot deep, and she'll take them dinky bridges out like a lot of toothpicks. Ought to string you greenhorns up fer lettin' a woman and child go down tonight. Crazy fools! Get me a pair of blankets an' put 'em in this bus quick!"

The manager hurried up. "Here, what's this!" he fumed. "I can't have my guests insulted. Take your wagon out of this camp!"

"That's what I'm aimin' to do when ye've put them blankets in that'll mebbe save a life!"

"Humor him; he's a little off, I guess," murmured Williams, and they put in the blankets. "Now you needn't come back. Hear they're going to take your franchise, and it's a good thing too."

"Yep, she's my last trip," said Zeb grimly, clucking to Sarah. "But she'll be a jim dandy. Listen!"

Far up in the high slopes they heard a faint drone like the humming of a bee hive. There was not a breath of air. The magenta cloud now hid the whole upper half of Pine Mountain. Zeb cracked his whip, and the stage clattered over the stones and lurched towards the river.

Down the steep grades the buckboard swayed and jounced over crossing after crossing without overtaking the bus. At each bridge Zeb hastily inspected the water. It was unquestionably higher. Two miles from the camp the surface lapped at the logs that spanned the stream; three miles, and the boards were awash.

One hill remained before the last crossing, where the road climbed upgrade again. The bridges still held, but the one to come Zeb knew was weaker and lower than the rest. The mules bent their steaming flanks to the up-hill pull. Gradually the whole cañon spread out like a panorama. The heaving animals were nearly exhausted, and so was Zeb, for he had missed his supper.



DRAWINGS BY
LEAL MACK

At the summit he pulled up on the brake and stopped the mules. Like a picture the scene lay unfolded beneath him in the twilight. The last bridge had washed away. In the middle of the river, stuck fast, was the automobile bus; the current was swirling against its sides. Directly below him the cañon narrowed to a deep gorge. A huge shale slide was delicately balanced on the steep slope only a few yards from him.

Suddenly the mules snorted with alarm. Towards the headwaters a huge inky black cloud filled the cañon from wall to wall. Advancing before it a white line of foam in which little sticks seemed to twist and turn incessantly reared itself above the level of the river and marched down the cañon. Zeb had seen its like seven years before, and he remembered the wake of destruction left by the cloudburst. He knew that those tiny sticks were full-grown pines that would crush the automobile as they would crush an eggshell.

"They're gone!" he whispered. "I can't

reach 'em in time, an' if they jump, that current'll sweep 'em down inter the rapids! That river's treach'rous. Ain't no livin' man knows 'nough ter beat her 'cept ol' Zeb, an' he's 'bout played out!"

He sat down on a boulder and stared dully at the gorge below. Now the head of the flood was only a mile away. A reverberating roar filled the air; rain began to fall in big drops. The mules stamped in wild fear, and Sarah displaced a stone that bounded down the slope to the shale slide. The impact disturbed its equilibrium. A miniature avalanche dropped into the narrows.

Zeb's energy returned. New hope made his tired face brighten. He picked up a rock, hurled it down and watched the resulting slide.

"That whole slide's jest ready to drop," he muttered. "If I only had somethin' big now to start her goin'! Jiminy, I got it!"

With fingers that trembled in his haste he unhitched the mules and tied the reins to a tree. Then releasing the brake, he wheeled

the buckboard to the edge of the cliff and pushed with all his strength.

"Ol' San Gabri'l ain't ever beat me yet!" he panted. "This time th' ol' bus'll make speed. It's her last trip!"

Gathering momentum, the wagon careened down the slope and crashed into the slide. There was a long roar of slipping stones, a cloud of dust, then silence.

Zeb peered over the edge when the dust had settled. The tons and tons of shale had filled up the narrow cut ten feet high from wall to wall. The river was dammed until the wall of foam should reach the gorge; then the shale would hold for a couple of minutes and crumble away like so much paper.

With the blankets under his arm Zeb ran behind the mules down the hill; they half-dragged him to the crossing.

McKay uttered a shout, held the little girl over his head and, plunging into the water breast deep, seized the reins of the mules which dragged him to shore. Then came his wife, and finally Zeb. The current

was not swift; the dam had done its work. They ran to the wall of the cañon as with the rumble of a cataract the flood swept through the gorge. The motor bus vanished under a wall of tossing water, and a giant pine smashed it to pieces. But Zeb did not look at the automobile; he was watching a pair of yellow wheels that sailed down out of sight towards the sea.

There is a new stage company at San Gabriel Crossing now, running a huge yellow buckboard with soft cushioned seats and modern springs. It is comfortable, but its motive power is still mules. Four of them twitch their ears at the driver's gentle persuasion on the grades. The sign above the office reads: "The San Gabriel Transportation Co., McKay & Mallow, Proprietors." Zeb takes charge of the stable, and McKay guides the buckboard through the twenty-three crossings. And at the entrance to the cañon is a large sign that Zeb placed there himself. It reads:

"Not Passable For Automobiles."

THE LIFE AND WORK OF A FOREST RANGER By Austin F. Hawes

Mr. Hawes, now State Forester of Connecticut, is a member of the forestry commission of the National Research Council.

R EPERSONS who think that a forest ranger has nothing to do except take long, pleasant rides amid beautiful scenery and now and then play the part of hero, as in fiction, little understand his real job. Although the ranger may seem to live a care-free life, he knows that all his acts, no matter how remote from headquarters, will eventually come under the eye of the forest supervisor. Week after week he may work alone out in the great open spaces, but the time will come when his accomplishments will be judged, and on that judgment will depend his future. That thought must always be in the back of the ranger's mind. If he wishes to remain a ranger, and particularly if he wishes a more desirable station, he must "make good with the boss."

What are these strenuous duties of a ranger? In the first place he must know his range. That in itself is no small job if the range includes, as it may, from fifty thousand to two hundred thousand acres and is crossed by two or three mountain chains. Two summers ago I rode with a ranger for two days in a fairly straight line without reaching the limits of his range. Imagine sending a fellow from Illinois or Missouri out to the Rockies and telling him to get acquainted with his range! Who is to show him? Probably he would be expected to find it himself. Unfortunately the boundaries are not well marked. Not only are the exterior lines doubtful, but there are many interior private claims, some small, some large, and virtually no one besides the claimants knows where they are. Since human nature is the same on forest ranges as it is elsewhere, claimants are anxious to take in as much land as possible. It is not in their interest to tell the ranger just where their lines are, particularly if they are grazing their lands. One of the ranger's first jobs is, therefore, to determine for himself where the lines are. Most of the old corner stones set long ago by the original surveyors are gone. The best way to find the corners is to be friendly with the old-timers. Tact and being a good fellow among the ranchers is a great help to the ranger. As he picks up various bits of information about the lines he jots them down in his field status book, form 449, and thus makes a map of each township. In one range of two hundred thousand acres in the Colorado National Forest only seventy-six corners were known a year ago. During his first year the ranger with the help of friends whom he had won over to his cause found sixteen more corners.

In some forests the chief duty of the ranger is to supervise the cutting and scaling of the timber sold. In others it is to supervise the grazing of the animals for which permits have been issued. In timber land a ranger's contacts are chiefly with the men of the lumber camps, for the most part employees of non-resident operators. In grazing country his contacts are with the owners of the stock, men grown free and

independent in the great open spaces. It is in dealing with such men, especially the older ones, that there is still an opportunity for adventure, and adventure that is not always sure to end as it does in fiction.

Every owner of stock has to get a permit from the forest supervisor for grazing a definite number of head. For the permit he pays to the government fifty-five cents a head for cattle, twenty-five per cent more for horses, and from three to ten cents a head for sheep. In the Colorado National Forest there are 19,666 cattle and horses and 11,400 sheep and goats grazing under permits held by two hundred and eighty-seven different persons. One ranger is responsible for almost eight thousand sheep and a corresponding number of cattle. It is his duty to make sure that the rancher has taken out a permit for all the stock he is actually grazing on the forest.

COUNTING THE STOCK

It is not easy to ride over the range and determine whether John Jones has one hundred or one hundred and fifty head of cattle out. The problem is complicated by the fact that John Jones may own a ranch in the interior of the range, where he may graze as many head as he likes. As the ranger can get into that region only once or twice in a season, the ranchers have a good chance to do a good deal of illegal grazing. The matter is still further complicated by the fact that several owners may be grazing stock on the same range. It is not possible, therefore, for the ranger to ride over the hills and count the stock at a distance; he must examine the brand on every animal. Each brand is registered with the state authorities. By examining the brands the ranger is able to determine to whom the animals belong. He often finds stray animals from distant ranges. On one occasion when a ranger had a good "hunch" that more cattle were being grazed than a permit called for he rode over to the range, a distance of thirty miles, and counted the stock on the hills as well as he could. Then he made arrangements with another rancher to telephone to him when the stock was to be rounded up. Much to the surprise and chagrin of the owner in question the ranger

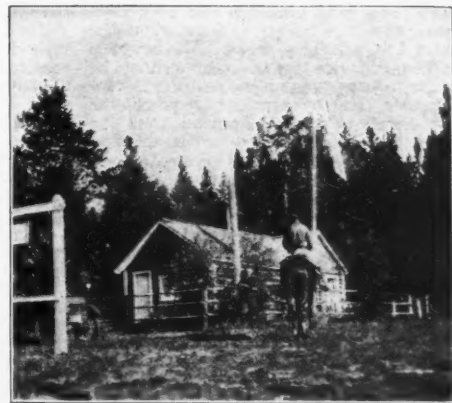
was on the spot a few weeks later when the animals were being rounded up for the fall shipments. It was a simple matter to count them then and to prove that the owner had been grazing about fifty head without paying for them.

Ranchers do not all take the government regulations so good-naturedly as they might, and the success of the ranger depends largely on how good a "mixer" he is and on his fearlessness. The story is told of one ranger—Wilkes, let us call him—who was unpopular at the time the Forest Service was unpopular. He would come home at night to find that his hens had been shot by neighbors. One night his pig was shot. Finally he found a sign posted in front of his cabin, saying: "Open season on rangers." He knew who was responsible, and he knew that he must act fearlessly or leave the country. He rode directly to the offender's ranch with his forty-five sticking out of their holsters. The holsters were tied down so that the guns could be pulled instantly. Everyone in the mountains knows what that means. When the guilty man saw him coming his quick eye took in the situation, and he politely invited the ranger to dinner. From that time on there was no more trouble from the natives, for the ranger had "called their bluff."

There is little difficulty of that kind now. The younger men in the cattle industry are not wild cowboys in the old sense. They are in a legitimate business and are anxious to learn all they can about it. For twenty years the Forest Service has been studying range conditions and now has available a vast amount of information invaluable to cattlemen and sheepmen. Take a small matter like salting cattle for example. The practice among stockmen used to be to drive up the valleys and drop a few cakes of rock salt from their wagons in the most convenient places. The cattle would lick the salt, browse round in the neighborhood, drink in the near-by brook and return for more salt. The result was that bottom lands were much overgrazed and seriously damaged, and much good feed was left untouched on the hillsides. Now the rangers have to designate the salting places back on the hillsides. The ranchmen have been quick to see that the change is in their interest. In going back and forth between the salt on the hill and the water below the cattle eat the vegetation evenly and leave the range in much better condition for the next season.

One of the important duties of the ranger is to study the condition of the range and report on it to the supervisor. If it is being overgrazed, it is his duty to advise the supervisor to reduce the number of permits. On the other hand the Forest Service is anxious to take care of all the stock that the range can properly support, and it is to the ranger's interest to increase the income of the service. He must, therefore, be able to determine whether a range is improving or deteriorating.

In some of the forests the government's receipts from grazing permits form a con-



A forest ranger's station

siderable part of its total receipts. Thus the Medicine Bow Forest in Wyoming with half a million acres derives an income of fifty-eight thousand dollars from its timber sales and seventeen thousand dollars from grazing permits. The knowledge of grazing conditions is fast becoming an important branch of the science of agriculture, and we have grazing reconnaissance reports of the various forests. Such a report classifies the land according to its grazing capacity. On the Medicine Bow, for example, the following degrees of value are recognized: 1. Dry grassland type with June grass, fescue, wheat grass, blue grass and needle grass, all good forage plants. 2. Meadow land, occurring at all altitudes bordering streams and lakes, with mountain timothy, blue grass and tufted-hair grass. 3. Open weed range. This is always confined to aspen thickets and is usually moist. The ranger is advised that the best results with sheep will be got if grazing begins after the flowering period is over. 4. Sage brush, occurring only at the lowest altitude of the forest along its boundaries. The soil here is dry and shallow.

JOINT GRAZING

Such information, and much more too detailed to repeat, helps the ranger to handle his forest in the most efficient way. He knows when the sheep must be driven from the lowlands up into the mountains, and he knows also when sheep and cattle can be safely grazed on the same land. The old prejudice against the practice of joint grazing is breaking down, for it has been found that far more trouble arises between the owners of the stock than between the different kinds of animals. As a rule the cattle prefer the grasses, and the sheep prefer the weeds; so they may get on as famously as Jack Sprat and his wife. When you realize that eighty per cent of our beef is raised west of the Mississippi you can appreciate the importance of the national forests.

Equally important with the ranger's duties in regulating grazing are his duties in handling timber sales. Through him ranchmen of the neighborhood can get small quantities of wood for their own use free of charge. Larger quantities they must buy

A stand of lodgepole pines



through the supervisor's office, which is situated in some town of importance near the forest. Whenever arrangements for such a sale have been completed it falls to the ranger to mark the trees to be cut. That he does by blazing the trees and stamping "U.S." on the blazes. Later on he must supervise the cutting and see that only the marked trees are cut. After the trees have been felled he scales each log so that he can report the total amount to the supervisor.

FIRE-FIGHTING

The lodgepole pine is the characteristic tree of the high slopes in northern Colorado. Formerly regarded as a weed tree, it is now coming into its own as a producer of railway ties. It grows in what are known as pure forests, because they contain virtually no other trees. Most of the forests of lodgepole pines came up on the old burns that always characterized that region until it was incorporated into national forests perhaps twenty years ago. In young stands of lodgepole the trees are often so close together that it is impossible for a man to get through them. In some places the smaller saplings may be thinned out for corral poles, but the market for them is limited. The smallest products for which there is a considerable demand are mine props, and since the war even mine props have been a drug on the market. The ground in all those forests is interwoven with fallen tree trunks that cannot be utilized. Since the danger from fire is considerable, the government requires the lumbermen to trim all branches from the felled trees and pile them. After the first snow the piles are burned.

At certain seasons preventing fire is the most important part of a ranger's duties. He has at his cabin beside the telephone a chart listing "key men" whom he may call to take charge of fire-fighting crews. Far up on some mountain overlooking the forest, as at Twin Sisters on the edge of Estes Park, a watchman is constantly looking out for fire. Whenever he sees smoke he immediately telephones to the ranger, who in turn calls his key men. At different points round the forest there are tool boxes that are to be opened only in case of fire. One such box with tools for a crew of five men has an axe, four long-handled shovels, one mattock, one cross-cut saw, one water bucket, two bags and two canteens. Fires in that region do not spread so rapidly as in some other parts of the country; they burn slowly but hotly in the dead and down timber. The approved method of fighting them is for a crew to go some distance ahead and clean out a fire line with axe, saw and shovel. Small fires are extinguished by covering them with dirt. In many parts of the forests water is too scarce to be a practical weapon.

The ranger has many other duties besides those already mentioned. He is supposed to keep his cabin in repair and his grounds neat. He must inspect all lumber camps and see that they are sanitary. He must spend some time every year working on the trails, clearing out fallen trees and rocks. He is also game warden and entrusted with the enforcement of the state game laws. It is not easy to take a census of the wild life in a million-acre forest. Here is a rough census of the Colorado Forest.

Beavers	2975
Blacktail deer	2010
Elks	228
Black bears	85
Coyotes	1675
Bobcats	890
Mountain lions	90
Lynxes	40
Wolves	15
Foxes	400

When we are told that two lions once killed twenty-three head of sheep it is easy to understand why lions are being shot at every opportunity. A timber wolf has been known to kill an eleven hundred pound bull by hanging on to the bull's lower jaw. A ranger found the story of such a contest in the snow. In traveling round the forest, however, you seldom see anything more ferocious than coyotes. They sneak round cabins and can be heard yelping at daybreak. One day two summers ago the woman cook in a lumber camp was looking out of the window when she exclaimed, "What a beautiful cat!" She was about to go out and pet it when one of the lumber jacks stopped her. It was a bobcat.

City life tends to make a person dependent on his neighbors. A forest ranger has few neighbors. Many problems come up in the course of his daily life that he must work

out for himself. He must be his own carpenter, painter, gardener and Jack-of-all-trades. When he returns home tired after a long ride over the mountains he must first care for his horses; perhaps he must put on a new shoe. If he is a bachelor, he must then cook his own supper and wash his dishes, but if he is married, he comes home to a good dinner and may settle down for a pleasant evening in his snug cabin.

A ranger receives from \$1240 to \$1440 a year and is usually furnished with a cabin and a garden plot. He is also allowed approximately two hundred dollars a year for horse feed, but he has to provide his own horses. He must have at least two, and most rangers have three or more. The government allows seven cents a mile for the use of the ranger's car on official work, but that is hardly enough on the mountain roads where the wear and tear is so great. Included as part of his official work is a monthly trip to the city to purchase supplies. That is the occasion for a family outing; the family look forward to it from one month to another. No matter how contented people may be in the mountains, or how unattractive the city may be, the excitement of mingling with people appeals strongly to the imagination. After the trip the ranger and his wife are more contented to settle down into the routine of daily life.

The typical ranger station is a log cabin with three rooms on the ground floor. The combined office and living room is about fifteen by eighteen feet in size. In such a room are a writing table, a typewriter, files, book shelves and a stove. On the wall are maps of the state and of the forest. Spurs

are hanging on doorknobs; a rifle stands in the corner, and a six-shooter lies on the stand by the door, convenient for the wife if she should need it. In the Manhattan ranger station, which a particularly good housekeeper presides over, there are attractive chintz curtains at the windows. You are astonished to find in the dining room of the cabin a baby grand piano and to learn that youngsters come from ranches miles away to take music lessons from the ranger's wife at twenty-five cents an hour. If we are not mistaken, they get something in friendship that is far more valuable than their music, and the teacher in turn finds that the companionship of the youngsters is a greater compensation than the stipend she receives for her time.

HIS WINTER WORK

In the long winter months—snow comes early in November in the Colorado mountains and lasts well into the spring—the distant work of the ranger is not so pressing. During that period he is supposed to take correspondence courses and to read up subjects that will help him in his work. There is never a time in the life of a ranger when there is nothing to do. There may be times when the winters seem long, and there are often nights when he is away that are lonely for the wife, but for the kind of man who likes to ride alone over the mountains and to work out his own problems and for the kind of woman who is resourceful and fearless the life of a ranger and his wife offers opportunities such as our pioneer ancestors enjoyed.

STOLEN IVORY By Albert W. Tolman



GLENN BRIDGES had not liked the half-insolent, half-defiant air with which the three Russians had fingered their guns. Even so, he was totally unprepared for Stroganov's preposterous claim. The gigantic Cosack nodded coolly toward the two tons of magnificent mammoth tusks. "All those are mine!"

Glenn and his chum, Roland Tuttle, stared in amazement; so did Thornton Start and Owen Porterfield. Their two Yakuts, Vassili Kool Gar (William of the Cut Ear) and Bulchoi (Big) Tomat, stood solidly beside the stranger's dog-team drivers, Karranie and Stary Nicolai (Old Nicholas). Stroganov's companions, Dmitri and Feodot, short and squat by contrast with his towering bulk, grinned and clutched their rifles tighter.

The eleven were grouped round a heap of fossil ivory on the ice-strewn sands of Balaki in the New Siberia Islands, six hundred miles inside the Arctic Circle. A hot sun shone brilliantly from the pale, unclouded blue. Behind the party the boggy upland, carpeted with emerald moss, undulated back to lofty basalt cliffs stained with red and green lichens. The frozen, hummock-roughened ocean stretching to the southern horizon flashed in the noonday like a sea of diamonds.

Stroganov's claim struck Start, the leader of the Americans, as a crude piece of tomfoolery. He laughed shortly. "Yours? I guess not! What's the joke?"

The giant's eyes glittering savagely from his Arctic-reddened face were as hard and cold as ice. His voice was unpleasantly metallic. "There is no joke. I came to Balaki in the spring before the ocean was open and found more ivory than I could carry away. So I cached part of it and sledged the rest to the mainland. There I was delayed by sickness. Now I come back and find my cache empty. Somebody has broken into it. You!"

"Ridiculous, man!" cried the indignant American. "We've collected this piece by piece along five miles of shore."

The other wagged his tremendous bushy beard stubbornly. "No! This is mine. On every tusk I marked a cross. You have rubbed it off. See!"

He jabbed with his rifle at a shaft of curving, yellowish bone.

Start lost his temper. "Those scratches were made by the sand and ice!" he shouted. "Another party left here two days before you came. They may have stolen your ivory. Do you take us for thieves and liars?"

He turned toward his tent. Stroganov's command rang out, gruff and imperious: "Stop!"

He raised his rifle; so did Dmitri and Feodot. Start halted; Porterfield and the two boys stood speechless. The giant was in dead earnest; resistance would be suicide. He stroked the blue-steel barrel. "Here speaks the law! I am czar of the New Siberians. Give me your weapons!"

Following his chief's directions, Dmitri took away their automatic pistols and even their knives. Then he fetched the rifles and ammunition from their tents.

"Let me see your permit from Moscow," demanded their captor.

He perused the document frowningly. "H'm! Yes!" But instead of returning it he thrust it into his pocket. As he glanced at the precious tusks he burst into a roar of exultant laughter. "Fine ivory! Beautiful ivory! Mine! All mine!"

For an hour Start and Porterfield explained, argued, pleaded. They had traveled halfway round the world to retrieve those tusks from the engulfing sands of Balaki. It was maddening to have the prize, honestly won, snatched from their grasp. Stroganov refused to be convinced. What could they do?

The New Siberia Islands, four large and several small ones, lie in the polar sea more than a hundred miles northeast of the Lena Delta. They have also been called the Ivory Isles and the Isles of Bones, because for hundreds of years their icy fastnesses have

furnished the Chinese and other Eastern races with the fossil tusks of the mammoth. The remains of countless numbers of those prehistoric monsters are entombed in the Siberian tundra and scattered over the sea bottom to the north.

Start and Porterfield, American explorers with wide experience as mining engineers and oil scouts, had come to Siberia under the auspices of a large museum to collect fossil ivory and to gather information regarding the mammoths. They were accompanied by Start's nephew, Glenn Bridges, and Glenn's chum, Roland Tuttle, both young and strong and active. After spending most of the winter in Yakutsk they had traveled by dog team in the early spring down to the Lena Delta. Thence a dash across the frozen Arctic brought them to Balaki.

It was a desolate island of ice, rock and sand, tenanted by foxes, wolves and Polar bears. In many places it was possible to strip back the carpet of green moss and find clear ice beneath. They discovered quantities of "Noah's wood," large, partly petrified tree stems embedded in the earth, and the beaches afforded an unlimited supply of drift logs for their campfires. They pitched their tents on the shore and, assisted by Vassili Kool Gar and Bulchoi Tomat, whom with their dog teams they had hired on the Lena Delta, at once began searching for tusks. At first they had little success. Later a warm southerly storm broke up the sea ice and hurled its battering floes against the mud cliffs. Clearing weather revealed many fine tusks, washed out of the frozen strand, or driven in along the beaches. Some of their prizes they dragged and carried for miles. It was hard work, but Glenn and Roland enjoyed it.

The brief Arctic summer waned. The long bright days shortened. Their provisions were running low, and they began to look forward to the time when the sea would close again and enable them to return to the mainland. "Couldn't have asked for better luck," remarked Start with satisfaction as he glanced at their pile of ivory. "We've more than enough to load our sleds, so we'll take only the choicest pieces."

Two days later a plain of solid ice stretched south as far as the eye could see. In a dirt cliff three miles west of the camp Glenn and Roland had discovered the half-buried body of a huge mammoth, the tusks of which were the finest they had yet found. The two explorers came to look and were enthusiastic.

"We'll get those tusks if we have to wait a week longer!" declared Start.

Several hours of hard work accomplished little; they returned to their tents to rest. Then Glenn saw a straggling black line far out on the frozen ocean. "Look! Here comes another party!" he exclaimed.

The dark dots grew to four men and two dog teams. Instead of approaching the Americans' camp they turned eastward to a beach two miles away and at once dispersed along the shore as if searching for something. The Americans watched them curiously through their field glasses.

"They're digging!" exclaimed Start. "They've found ivory! We've been all over that beach and never turned up a thing. Strange they should hit it first off!"

Tusk after tusk was disinterred and quickly loaded on the sleds. A tent was pitched, a fire kindled, and after a hasty meal the strangers turned in.

"If they don't want anything to do with

The tusks were quickly loaded

DRAWINGS BY W. F. STECHER



us, we don't want anything to do with them," observed Start. "Let's sleep!"

When they awoke eight hours later the freshly pitched tents had vanished. Vasilli Kool Gar lifted his hand. "See!"

Far on the southern horizon appeared a string of tiny black specks. The strangers had gone as silently and mysteriously as they had come. Two more days passed before the Americans added the newly discovered tusks to the pile near their camp.

"We'll start for the Lena tomorrow," said Porterfield.

Vasilli stood like a statue, gazing south. He gave a grunt of surprise. "They are coming back!"

A broken line of dots was creeping slowly toward the island. Soon the watchers could distinguish five men and three dog teams.

"It's a different crowd," remarked Start.

The figures grew larger. At their head swaggered a big Russian more than six feet six inches tall. Through the field glasses Glenn could see the long yellow hair bristling strawlike from underneath his cap, and they could hear his shouts to his dogs when he was still more than a mile away. The procession landed on the eastern beach. For a few minutes they ran round excitedly; then they clustered together, gesturing.

"Here they come," said Glenn.

Soon they were close to the Americans' tents. At sight of the tusks the giant scowled, and his eyes glittered. "I am Ivan Petrovitch Stroganov," he growled in response to Start's greeting.

Then he had claimed the ivory. The Americans could hardly believe their senses when they found themselves disarmed and prisoners.

"You must return with me to the Lena," declared Stroganov. "Until we reach land I cannot give back your guns, and I cannot leave you here unarmed on account of the bears and wolves."

The tusks were quickly loaded, and the Americans' weapons packed on the Cossack's side.

"Now," said he, "we will rest a few hours." Start choked with anger as he talked with his party in their tent. "Whether he really believes that ivory belongs to him or not, he's got it, and he intends to hold on to it. Think of all we've gone through for that ivory! Two years, cold, hardship, danger—all for nothing! If only we had our rifles! Whatever we do must be done before we hit the mainland. Watch sharp, boys!"

When after a brief uneasy sleep they stepped outside they found the ground covered with a light fall of snow. The tents were struck and packed. Roaring out orders, Stroganov marshaled his party. Behind them the basalt cliffs glistened pure white; before them stretched the boos byral, the frozen ocean.

"Karranie! Starry Nicolai!" The Yakuts drove their yelping dogs into first place. "Dmitri!"

The Russian followed with his rifle. Then came Vasilli Kool Gar and Bulchoi Tomat with their teams, and behind them Feodot.

Stroganov beckoned commandingly to Start and Porterfield. "You next!"

He himself followed. "After me, little brothers!"

Glenn and Roland understood. All the Americans were thus under his rifle. He fired a shot into the air. "For the Lena!"

The Yakuts shouted to their teams; the dogs leaped eagerly forward. Out on the green, heavy, massed-up sea ice filed the procession toward the mainland more than a hundred miles to the southwest. Stroganov, with his rifle slung over his shoulder and his iron-pointed guiding staff in his hand, boomed out Yakut to his dogs:

"Tuck, tuck! (Right, right!) Taduck, taduck! (Left, left!) Stoi, Stoi! (Stop, stop!)"

It was a nerve-racking jaunt over the rough surface. The Americans slipped and stumbled along. Gradually the glistening crags of Balaki sank under the northern horizon, but after sixteen hours of almost continuous trekking the party had accomplished barely one third of the distance to land. They were nearly exhausted when they crawled into their sleeping bags.

Though the prisoners watched like hawks, they found not the slightest chance to seize their guns and recapture the ivory. One of the three Russians was always awake and on guard, with his rifle across his knees.

On the second day the going was smoother and they made better time. That night the

big Russian shot a Polar bear among the hummocks. Using its blubber as fuel, they fried steaks and broiled chops. Still there was no chance for the Americans.

Eight hours later found them again afoot. Twenty-five miles more! The warm south wind brought a dense fog over the groaning floes. Stroganov's shouts were louder than ever. To lessen the danger of breaking through the salt ice he formed the party in a long, straggling line. On they raced for land and life. The frozen surface cracked and trembled; there were occasional reports like cannon shots. Start and Porterfield were concealed from Glen and Roland by the fog. The boys could just make out Stroganov.

A runner of the sled caught in a fissure, and the straining dogs were unable to start it. Tangled in their harness, they began fighting. The Cossack sprang forward to quell the riot. Suddenly with a yell he threw up his arms and plunged down through the ice.

Up popped his bare yellow head. Clutching the broken edge, he pulled himself half out and then slipped back. His great hands, clawing ineffectively, could not lift his bulk. Wholly submerged except his red face, he hung shouting for help.

Glenn saw their chance. "Come on, Roll!" They hurried forward. The tyrant's gun was slung over his shoulder, and both his hands were busy.

"Hang on a minute!" cried Glenn. He and Roland darted toward the sled. Stroganov's face became purple; his cries for help changed to fruitless roars of anger. Soon Glenn and Roland hurried back from the sled, each with a loaded rifle. They laid their weapons down within easy reach.

"Now we'll get you out," said Glenn. The thin ice buckled; they dared not go too near the hole.

"Your sweater, Roll!" cried Glenn, stripping off his own.

Tying the sleeves of the two sweaters together, he dropped flat on the ice and wriggled cautiously toward the Russian. Stroganov had ceased shouting and struggling. His face was gray with fear.

"Lie down, Roll!" directed Glenn. "Feet toward me. Jab your knife into the ice. Now hook your toes round my ankles."

His chum obeyed. Glenn flung a sweater sleeve toward the giant. "Catch hold!"

Stroganov clenched his fingers on the elastic wool. The boys wormed themselves backward; Roland struck his knife into fresh holding places. Again and again the ice broke under the man, but at last he heaved himself up over the edge and crawled out, dripping. Rising to his knees, he unslung his rifle, but before he could level it two frowning muzzles threatened him.

"Pass me your gun!" ordered Glenn.

"Keep him covered, Roland!" Glenn lifted his rifle butt downward.

"Now hand it over quick or I'll smash a hole, and in you'll go again!" The thin ice cracked and buckled. A single sharp blow, and the part on which Stroganov was kneeling would break off. Dread and fury distorted his features as he slid his weapon toward the boy.

"Stow it on the sled, Roll!" directed Glenn. His chum did so; then he pried out the runner and calmed the dogs. Putting the Russian ahead, they started for land at increased speed. In half an hour they overtook Start and Porterfield, whose despondency speedily changed to exultation.

After a ticklish run through the fog all reached the shore in safety. Their four rifles made it easy to surprise and disarm Dmitri and Feodot and recover the ivory.

A Yakut emerging from the whiteness spoke excitedly to Stroganov. Just then two of the dog teams fell into a fierce wrangle. When the Americans looked for him again the giant had disappeared.

"I don't like this," said Start. "Glad we've got our guns!"

Two hours later a roaring voice boomed through the fog, and Stroganov appeared. His face wore a broad sheepish smile.

"A few versts west an ivory trader has a weighing shed. Another party, arrived yesterday, was bargaining with him; their tusks bore my crosses. A rogue of a Yakut who had worked for me in the spring guided that party to Balaki and sold them my cache. When he heard that I had come back he ran away without waiting for his money. I have settled with his employers about the ivory. How can I satisfy you?"

"You've got us across safe," said Start. "We'll call it quits. Here are your guns."



ANOTHER LETTER FROM CHUBBY CHUCKSTONE

Mr. Thomas Mc Grath
Horse Creek, Wyo.

Dear Tom,

That was a quick letter you wrote. Keep up the good work and we'll carve you a medal.

Last night the Aggies and the University team had a big basket-ball game

and the Univ. won 32 to 19. When I go to the University I'm going to try to

make the team. The Varsity team had on "Non-Skid" basket-ball shoes and

I saw the "Big C" on the soles. The Varsity center told me they wore them because

they are the strongest and surest-footed basket-ball shoes made.

Good-bye for awhile and don't take any wooden nickels.



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The New Station MCMXXV

FACT AND COMMENT

A WORD OF PRAISE will often help another along the road to success when a word of censure would hold him back.

Of all Glad Scenes the World holds none more good
Than laughing Brook and cool embowered Wood.
Of all Sad Scenes what sadder can there be
Than drought-parched River-bed and flame-charred Tree!

STOP A MOMENT and think before you resolve to do better in this respect or that during the New Year: Have you kept last year's resolutions?

A GLASS DRESS that belonged to the Infanta Eulalie of Spain, and that attracted much attention at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, has been presented to the National Museum at Munich. The gown is of soft spun glass that looks like silk. So fine is the glass thread of which it is made that the dress weighs only one pound.

RAT WEEK IN LONDON was a bad week for rats. More than three million were killed by professional rat catchers, ordinary householders and boys and girls. One vermin-exterminating company alone killed eight hundred thousand. But London sanitary officers are not yet satisfied; they want the campaign to continue until the city is free from rats.

A WHITE TOPAZ that weighs ninety pounds has been placed on view in the Field Museum in Chicago. The head of the department of geology, who led an expedition to South America, brought it from Brazil. Lapidaries estimate that it would make at least a hundred thousand stones of one carat each, but the museum naturally has no desire to put it on the market.

THE AMERICAN FLAG that flew at the head of the first contingent of American soldiers that paraded in London after the United States entered the Great War, and that King George saluted, is to hang above the tomb of Woodrow Wilson in Bethlehem Chapel at Washington. Engineer troops carried the flag overseas and throughout the war; after the armistice officers of one of the regiments presented it to Mr. Wilson. It is fitting that the flag and the war President should be together.

WE FIND THAT THE THREE ARTICLES on music contributed to The Companion by Mr. Thomas Whitney Surette have deeply interested a great many of our readers. Letters are continually coming to us about them. We are glad to tell readers of The Companion that Mr. Surette will be glad to answer any questions about really good music and how to procure it—both Christmas carols and more difficult compositions, choral or instrumental—if the inquirers will address letters to him in care of The Companion.

A PARISIAN SEAMSTRESS, Marcelle Guillou, aged twenty-five and the eldest of the four children of a workingman, has won with her needle the promise of a position with a salary of forty thousand francs, or as much as a cabinet minister gets. Entering the municipal trade competition, she and eleven other girls, the best in the Paris dressmaking

shops, were locked in a room for three days with the task of making the most beautiful gown possible. Mlle. Guillou's gown turned out to be the first choice, and several shops are now pledged to employ her at the above-mentioned salary. Before she entered the competition she had been earning only one hundred and thirty-five francs a week.

THE NEW YEAR

IT has been a long time since anyone who approached the New Year with serious interest in anything outside his own private concerns could do it without misgiving. Humanity has passed through a decade of misfortune and suffering. We in the United States have had less than our share of the world's trouble, but we have had enough to affect our cheerfulness, and like all our neighbors we have suffered from discouragement and apprehension quite as much as from actual adversity.

But at last it seems possible to begin a New Year in good spirits. The sun of hope and promise is shining again—among the clouds perhaps, but not obscured by them, as it has too often been of late years. Our own case is particularly good. As a nation we probably have all the prosperity that is wholesome for us. Individuals and to some extent classes still have a smaller share of that prosperity than they feel themselves entitled to,—we speak of course of the farmers and their families,—but even to them the course of events has brought better fortune and brighter prospects than they have had for several years. We are still bearing burdens in taxation, but we are bearing them with stanchness if not with ease. There is every reason to hope for a year of political tranquillity, of industrial activity, of general prosperity. If we could be equally confident of improvement and growth on the moral and spiritual side of life, we might call ourselves indeed happy.

We can take pleasure also in the increasing stability of the European situation and in the continual progress of the nations toward a real and substantial peace. Looking back now over the last five years, we can see that there has been a steady improvement. Little by little reasonableness has taken the place of prejudice, good will the place of enmity, and the desire for peace has supplanted the wish for revenge. The world has still a long way to go to reach stability, but it is facing in the right direction, whereas for many years before the outbreak of 1914 it was facing in the wrong direction and was steadily traveling toward disaster. We can fairly expect that 1925 will bring still greater progress along that hopeful road, and that the nations will advance together in prosperity and mutual understanding.

These are years of transformation, of social and economic change, of problems as great as any that the human race has ever faced. But we are finding unsuspected powers of resistance and of reconstruction in mankind. We are slowly but surely getting the better of all our difficulties. The message of 1925 is one of hope and confidence in the future.

TAXES AND THE TREASURY

SECRETARY MELLON, undismayed by the coldness with which Congress last year met his proposals for tax reform, returns boldly to the charge in his annual report. He insists that the high surtax rates, the "confiscatory" estate-tax rates and the "unworkable" gift tax combine to complicate our income-tax laws, to encourage the evasion of taxation and to shift more of the burden of taxes to the shoulders of the man of small means.

The argument by which he justifies those conclusions is by this time familiar enough. It is that so long as there are billions of securities exempt by law from taxation and a billion of new securities of that kind issued every year people of wealth will inevitably invest in those securities—the bonds of national, state or municipal governments—instead of in the securities that mean new capital for our growing industries but that are subject to high surtaxes. He points out that in 1916 when the highest tax that could be collected was fifteen per cent the aggregate income reported by citizens having an income of \$300,000 a year amounted to almost \$1,000,000,000. In 1922 under a tax of fifty-eight per cent the aggregate income of the citizens in that class had dropped to \$365,000,000. A greater tax levy by far had

to be raised in 1922, but in spite of the great rise in surtax rates the very rich paid no more of it than they had paid in 1916.

It is useless to complain of that sort of thing, for the law authorizes and encourages people to evade taxes by purchasing tax-exempt securities. Not many of those who want the high surtaxes retained show any interest in the proposal to do away with all tax-exempt securities, for that would mean that towns and states would have to pay a good deal more for the money they borrow. So long as the avenue of escape from sur-taxation is open and well lighted, persons of great wealth will take advantage of it. So would anyone else in their place. No one goes out of his way to pay taxes that he can honorably and legally avoid. The secret of sound taxation is to find the precise point at which an increase in rates fails to bring in an increase of revenue, and then to keep the rates just below it. Secretary Mellon believes that we have gone considerably beyond that point in our sur-taxation. It remains to be seen whether he will have better success in convincing Congress that he is right than he had a year ago.

THE CANDID FRIEND

CANDOR is an engaging trait when it does not express itself in sharp personal criticism. We like people who are genuine in expression, who do not withhold their honest opinions, and who do not dissemble their preferences or their prejudices. Timidity and candor never exist together; those persons who are candid may be guilty of rashness but not of cowardice. A certain independence of mind is one of their characteristics; they are not preyed upon by the fear of antagonizing the conventional and the influential. Their talk is refreshing and stimulating.

It cannot be denied, however, that candor of thought and speech is often accompanied by some brutality of feeling. Few persons have the sensitiveness, discrimination and taste that enable them to be both candid and tactful; and few persons who have strong opinions and emotions, and who are given to expressing them sturdily and honestly, find it possible to abstain from sharp personal criticism. Such criticism stings. Those who offer it may be at other times enthusiastic in their expression of approval or appreciation, but even their praise seldom makes amends to those who have suffered under the downrightness of their condemnation. Perhaps it is unfortunate, but the candid friend usually has few friends.

THE PICKET FENCE

A SHORT time ago a Middle Western paper printed an editorial article on the disappearance of the hitching post. The writer's mind had been stirred by his little boy's asking what a hitching post was for. The child had never seen any use for one.

The picket fence, another landmark, is also growing less and less common. The original reason for its being was to keep stray cattle or other animals from intruding on private yards. On the farms the old picket fence kept inviolate a patch round the house that included flower beds in front and a vegetable garden in the rear. Photographs of President Coolidge's homestead in Vermont show a white picket fence in front of it. A few old-fashioned houses still have picket fences, but on the whole they have gone out of fashion.

In French cities and towns private houses are either built close to the sidewalk to give more room for a private garden in the rear, or the front yard is protected by a high wall over which the passers-by cannot see. Before a caller can reach the front door he must pass through a gate that is usually kept locked. In this country we live more in the public view. Garden walls are rare, and front lawns are seldom fenced in. Our front porches are open to the public gaze; we do not always draw the shades in the evening. Our family life is less secluded.

The passing of the picket fence is to be regretted. Without it there is less privacy about a house, and the growing automobile traffic makes it more and more dangerous for small children to play outdoors. Nearly every newspaper prints almost every day at least one item about a child that has been crushed under the wheels of a motor vehicle. It is the same story over and over again. The child was playing in front of its home

and ran out into the road. If there had been an old-fashioned picket fence with a gate, the tragedy might not have occurred. A hedge or a row of trees does not serve the same purpose. Besides, swinging on the gate was a joy for which there is no substitute.

POLITICS IN FRANCE AND GERMANY

POLITICS is still the disturbing element in the European situation. One general election follows another in bewildering succession. Great Britain has had three in two years, Germany two within eight months. France has not voted so often, but it has had frequent overturns of government and, if the omens are not misleading, is on the verge of another.

The German election, just held, may be called on the whole reassuring. The Socialists are returned as the largest party in the new Reichstag, but their gains are largely at the expense of the more radical Communists, who showed dangerous strength in the election of last spring. General Ludendorff's extreme monarchical party proved weak indeed. Almost no one voted for it. The votes he expected to get went to the Nationalists, who are monarchical in sympathy but less violent in their methods and less despotic in their principles than Ludendorff's "Fascists." The Nationalists in turn lost something to the People's party, which is controlled by the industrial leaders of Germany. The Democrats and other moderate parties held their own.

In general the election may be regarded as a definite rebuke to the extreme parties that openly opposed the reparation agreement known as the Dawes plan. It is far less decisive as regards the stability of the German Republic. The Socialists, Democrats and Clericals, perhaps with the help of the People's party, will probably be strong enough in coalition to keep some kind of Republican ministry in power; but the avowed monarchists form a very large minority in the Reichstag. There will, however, be no obstructions cast in the way of the Dawes plan, which is working more smoothly and effectively than even its advocates dared hope; and there is no present danger of revolution either from the radicals or from the reactionaries.

Meanwhile France drifts away from the radical ministry of M. Herriot just as Great Britain drifted away from that of Mr. MacDonald. Both in Great Britain and in France it is Russia that is the cause of the conservative movement. Mr. MacDonald's unsatisfactory treaty with Moscow and the supposed letter from M. Zinoviev urging the British Communists to arise and overthrow the British constitution were enough to drive the voters over to the Conservative camp. The recognition of Soviet Russia by M. Herriot and the extraordinary demonstration that the Communists of Paris made upon the arrival of M. Krassin as Russian envoy have clearly alarmed the French nation. That alarm may be great enough to turn M. Herriot out of office in the not distant future.

It is curious that Germany, which under the sting of defeat seemed more than once on the verge of yielding to the Bolshevik propaganda, grows less and less Communist, whereas in France the Communists, silent in the hour of victory, have ever since grown more numerous and noisier.

A SELF-MADE AMERICAN

WHEN Senator Henry Cabot Lodge died the floor leadership of the Republicans, who form the majority party in the Senate, became vacant. It has been filled by the choice of Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas, a picturesque member of the Senate, who is worth a little attention because of the striking contrast that his career presents to that of his predecessor.

The grandmother of Mr. Curtis was a Kaw Indian of full blood, his mother was part Indian and part French, his father was of English extraction. In his boyhood the future Senator lived with his mother and grandmother on the Kaw reservation not far from Topeka. He was a recognized member of the tribe, and his swarthy complexion and piercing black eyes indicate that physically at least the Indian quarter of his racial inheritance is still prepotent.

In those days, more than fifty years ago, the frontier was still the frontier. Not all the

Indian warriors had submitted to the inevitable. The massacre of Custer's men at the Little Big Horn was still in the future. When Mr. Curtis was only ten years old he performed a service of exceptional daring in stealing through the lines of the Cheyenne Indians who were raiding the Kaw reservation, traveling sixty miles to Topeka and bringing back the United States soldiers to the rescue of his tribe.

Not long afterward he left the reservation and went to Topeka. For several years his extraordinary skill in riding earned him a living as a jockey. Then after a succession of less lucrative jobs he became a nighthawk cab driver in Topeka. While Henry Cabot Lodge, born to wealth and culture, was studying at Harvard, writing history or editing the North American Review the Indian boy was struggling to make his way upward through every kind of hardship and discouragement.

He had ambition, he had the rudiments of an education, and he spent his spare time in studying. A friend lent him law books. He read them at night while he waited for fares. After several years of that life he passed his bar examinations and began to practice in Topeka. He became a successful criminal lawyer and a successful politician. Thirty years ago he went to Congress. Eighteen years ago he went to the Senate. Today he steps into the leadership of the majority of that dignified body.

That is the kind of story Americans like to read. The contrast between Mr. Lodge, the highly educated and highly cultivated descendant of our oldest New England families, and Mr. Curtis, the humble graduate of an Indian reservation with only such education as he could give himself, is one that Americans keenly enjoy. They are not unwilling that their men of eminence shall have birth and education and social training, but they like to think that America has not closed its public careers to a different sort of man, and that rugged qualities of mind and character, unaided by any of the usual "advantages" of family or social influence, can still win for him who has them a position of the highest honor.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

A HERO OF COMEDY

Of all the amusing and laughable stories that *The Companion* has printed none have had a more pleasing hero than Hunt, the impetuous collegian who figured in a well-remembered series of stories last year by Mr. Russell Gordon Carter. Readers laughed at him, but they liked him. All of them will be glad to learn that he will reappear in four new stories and will again form naïve and absurd schemes for supplying himself with pocket money. These stories are in addition to all the other tales mentioned in our annual announcement. The first of them will appear in February. The titles are:

HUNT THE POET
HUNT THE FISHERMAN
HUNT THE BARBER
HUNT THE HOST

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PUBLISHERS



CURRENT EVENTS

THE Board of Geographic Names has once more called attention to the fact that Mt. Rainier is still Mt. Rainier. The attempt to persuade Congress to change the name of the mountain to Tacoma failed, though a resolution to change it did pass the Senate; and it is still a question whether

Congress could legally alter the name of anything except the national park of which the mountain is the center. However that may be, the name was not changed, and the wording of the statement issued by the Board of Geographic Names indicates that it never will be changed without sturdy protest from the board.

THE Woodrow Wilson Foundation, which controls an endowment fund subscribed by the admirers of the late President for the purpose of awarding an annual prize of \$25,000 to some one who has "performed meritorious service of a public character tending to the establishment of peace through justice," has made its first award. The prize for 1924 goes to Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, better known to the world as Lord Robert Cecil. Viscount Cecil is a son of the Marquis of Salisbury, who was three times premier of Great Britain. From the very beginning he has been the most earnest advocate of the League of Nations in England. In the Assembly of the League he has represented South Africa.

WHEN the Treasury in December offered a bond issue of \$200,000,000 at four per cent the cash subscriptions reached a total of at least a billion dollars. The flood of offers, largely from small investors, was so great that the Treasury declined all bids for amounts greater than \$10,000. That means that little of the issue will find its way into the banks. By keeping in mind that the bonds were offered at a time when there was an unprecedented amount of buying in the private-security market we get a just estimate of the very strong financial position that the country now occupies.

THE navy has ordered the construction of a new type of aeroplane, which will be capable of flying for twenty-four hours at a speed of more than one hundred miles an hour and of sustaining a useful load of two tons. Such a craft could fly from San Diego to Honolulu and would be of the greatest service as a scout cruiser if we were at war. The navy authorities believe that a squadron of such aeroplanes would double the efficacy of our protection of the Panama Canal and would help to solve many difficult problems of naval strategy in the Pacific Ocean.

THE new method of transmitting photographs by radio, which the engineers of the Radio Corporation have worked out, is briefly described as follows: The picture to be sent is photographed, and the developed film is attached to a revolving cylinder of glass. Inside the cylinder is an incandescent lamp the beam from which passes through the film with varying intensity according as parts of the film are light or dark. The beam is then focused by a lens on a sensitive photo-electric cell called the "eye," which transforms the light waves into electrical waves that after they have been amplified in a series of vacuum tubes can be transmitted by radio. The high-power electric energy that leaves the antenna of the sending station is broken up by an ingenious mechanism into impulses like dots and dashes, corresponding to the longer or shorter waves transmitted by the "eye." At the receiving station the impulses are again amplified and translated back into the black and white of a picture. A piece of paper is wrapped round a revolving cylinder like that on which the original film was placed. A specially contrived fountain pen bears against the paper, and the electric current that has come across the ocean controls the pen and causes it to reproduce on the paper longer or shorter marks that correspond to the length of the electric impulses transmitted by the sending station.

THE Federal judge in Kansas City promptly settled the case of the government against a local newspaper that had published lists of income taxes paid by residents of the vicinity by sustaining the demurrers that the publishers of the newspaper had made to the indictment. His ruling amounts to dismissing the case. He acted on the ground that, if Congress forbade newspapers to publish matters that were open to the public, it acted unconstitutionally. The case will doubtless be appealed to the Supreme Court.

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THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

By Pringle Barret

I think that all of us each day
Should do the things that come
our way

The best we can. I think that
we

Should merciful and kindly be,

Should wear with very gentle
grace

Humility in every place,

Accept the privilege to bless
Our fellowmen with kindness,

And not let pass one chance to
give

A bit of pleasure while we live.



THE SHIP'S PET

By Charlotte E. Wilder

A TINY sea gull lived in the harbor of a great city where steamers pass in and out on their way to the ocean. Often when a big ship with many smoke stacks pointed its prow toward the open sea the little gull left the harbor and followed, beating its wings and calling to the people on the deck. Many birds joined it and flew after the ship for days, picking up scraps of food that the people threw overboard. But the little gull followed because he loved the ship and the people and the wide sea. Long after his companions had left him he flew after the ship as far as he dared. The older people, who cannot understand the language of sea gulls, thought that he wanted only to be fed and threw him bits of food and watched him snatch them up. But the children understood that he was trying to speak to them, and often they stretched out their arms and cried: "See the pretty bird. How brave he is! He has come a long way from home."

But always there would come a time when he would turn about and flap his tired way to the harbor of the big city again.

One day at noon the most beautiful of all ships set out for England. The decks were crowded with people waving their handkerchiefs to friends on the dock. One little girl was glad to go. Her father and her mother and all her sisters were waiting for her on the other shore. The sea gull too was glad. He circled round with all his kind, calling and flapping over the heads of the people.

The first day went by, and many of the gulls returned. The next day there were only three left; they were tame by that time, and the little girl had made special friends with the little gull.

At noon two of the gulls gave the call that means: "Come with us. We have far to go. The clouds are growing dark in the storm centre of the sky. Return."

Those two set out like arrows, swift and high in the heavens, but the tiny gull lingered in the wake of the big ship. The little girl watched him and wondered when he would start on his homeward way. "Surely," she thought, "by morning he will be gone."

That night a great storm descended on the sea, and everyone forgot the little bird. The people huddled together down in their cabins, and the ship rolled like a great barrel in the rough water.

When at last morning came the little girl was one of the first to go on deck. She ran from one end of it to the other, looking into all the corners to see what damage the storm had done. Suddenly she saw the sea gull, lying in a corner of the deck, caught in a pile of canvas and deck chairs. He was too weak to fly away when she went near to him, and, though he beat his wings violently, they did not lift him up at all. The little girl brought him bread soaked in water and tried to coax him to eat it, but he would

The little girl's father and mother were waiting to take her away, and she could not take the gull, but the captain promised to take the best of care of him.

When the ship started back on her next voyage, sure enough, the little gull followed it.

"He will turn back tonight," said the passengers to each other every evening.

But the captain smiled to himself. He knew that the sea gull's home was now the ship, and he was not astonished when the

DRAWN BY MAY AIKEN



JANE By Gamaliel Bradford

When little maidens samplers wrought
And primly posed at play
I wonder if the thoughts they thought
Were wiser than today.

They curtsied with their elders' airs
And spoke sedately grave
And had more time for formal prayers
Than modern children have.



not. Then she went away to her own breakfast, and when she came back he had eaten it all. Day after day she tended him, and after a while he was hopping about lively. The captain called him the "ship's pet," but he was really the little girl's pet, for he was never far from her side.

When the ship reached the other side no one wanted to say good-by to the sea gull.

But I imagine underneath
Their hearts were much as
now:
They ran till they were out of
breath,
Since nature taught them
how.

They wept at any childish woe
And laughed when laughter came.
And Jane a hundred years ago
And now is just the same.



ship's pet stayed with the vessel and was carried to the harbor again.

Best of all, when the gull went back to England with the ship the little girl was there to meet him.

"I'm taking good care of him," said the captain. "Come down to see us whenever you read in the papers that we've docked—the ship and the ship's pet together!"

THE NEW BOY UP GOOSE LANE

By Minnie Leona Upton

WHEN Peterkin is all curled up taking a nap you might easily mistake him for a handsome yellow fur cap, round and soft and shining. But when his nap is over and he uncurls, you see at once that he is only a kitten,—one of the finest kittens in the world to be sure,—but after all a kitten is no more than a kitten. When Peterkin waves his golden plume of a tail and looks up at you with his big, mischievous blue eyes and says "Prrrrrr!" you can easily understand how glad Poppy Parker is that he belongs to her. So you know how she felt the other day when she heard him calling for help from the top of a tall young maple tree.

No one knows why Peterkin climbed so high. One of the neighborhood dogs might have frightened him, but that seemed unlikely, since all of them are good friends. Perhaps a strange dog came along.

Anyway, there he was, very much frightened and fluffed up, and the question was how to get him down. The limb was too slender for any one of the neighborhood boys to climb out on, and also too slender to rest a ladder against. When Poppy called coaxingly, Peterkin seemed to be puzzled and perplexed and only crawled farther the wrong way.

"What shall we do?" quavered Poppy. And her mother and Grandmother Parker said, "What shall we do?" None of the neighbors who had come out to look could think of a single thing.

And just then along came a boy, a square, stubby boy, shy and in patched clothes, but with a steady look in his blue eyes. It was Tommy Doane, "the new boy," whose father and mother had just moved into the old house up Goose Lane.

He stopped and thrust his hands in to his bulging pockets. "Does he sleep in a basket?" he asked.

"Y-yes!" answered Poppy. "All right. Then you bring it out and bring a long rope—a clothesline would be just the thing."

Poppy ran into the house and came out with the basket and the rope. Then Tommy, who had been exploring his pockets, pulled out a ball of twine. He unwound some of it, drew back, squinted up at Peterkin and threw the ball. Up, up it went, sailed over Peterkin's limb just in front of his nose and came down into Tommy's hand. Then Tommy tied the end in his hand to an end of the clothesline and began to wind the twine back on the ball. The clothesline began to rise; and soon the end tied to the twine was over the limb. Tommy kept on winding, and in half a minute the line was within reach. With quick, strong fingers he tied it to the ball of the basket. Then he took up the clothesline reel, and began to wind it up until the basket was right in front of Peterkin.

What a happy, understanding little "Meow" Peterkin gave! Then he crept cautiously forward and down into his own dear basket. Then Tommy unwound the line from the reel—"paying it out," he called it,—and down, down, down, came the basket while Poppy held up her arms to get Peterkin safe in them as soon as possible.

Then Grandfather Parker fished a shining silver dollar from his pocket and said, "This is for you, my boy."

"Not much!" Tommy spluttered. "I mean, 'No thank you!' I don't take pay for anything like that!"

Then Grandfather Parker thanked him, and Tommy, conscious of his shabby cap, ran off down the road.

After that everyone was in a hurry to get acquainted with "the new boy up Goose Lane!"

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CAUSES OF APOPLEXY

APOPLEXY, or a "stroke," is defined as a sudden loss of consciousness followed by paralysis, the result either of cerebral hemorrhage or of the blocking of an artery in the brain. The artery may be blocked by a clot of blood or by a small piece of some solid material, usually either a small fragment detached from a clot in some distant vein or a piece of fibrin from a defective valve in the heart. An evanescent paralysis is sometimes the result of a temporary localized congestion or of an effusion. The effusion of blood may occur either on the surface or, as happens more frequently, in the substance of the brain.

The exciting cause of the hemorrhage may be any one of several conditions, such as disease of the kidneys, arteriosclerosis with its associated high blood pressure, extreme hypertrophy of the heart and certain forms of blood poisoning, so-called; but the predisposing cause is disease of the small blood vessels of the brain, which permits of their rupture when unusual strain is put on them. No one can ever be absolutely certain regarding the condition of those small arteries, but he can sometimes make a fairly good guess.

A person of the so-called "apoplectic type" is a likely candidate for a stroke, but may never have one. A person of that type is short, corpulent, and has a thick neck and a florid complexion. He may be good-natured, taking things as they come without worry, but more often—especially if the heart and the arteries are diseased—he is excitable, prone to anger on slight provocation and self-willed. Whether irascible or placid, such a man is almost always a big eater and given to self-indulgence, remaining deaf to the repeated warnings of increasing short breath, attacks of dizziness, morning headache and other signs that point to the irregular circulation of blood in the brain. Another type, equally predisposed to diseased brain arteries, is the thin, spare, wiry man, intellectual, domineering, bent on having his own way and likely to fall into a rage if balked.

In men of those types the heart is overtaxed, the arteries are almost always hardened, and thus the small vessels in the brain receive the full force of the blow from the pumping heart, and the rigid arteries are unable to dilate so as to moderate the pounding. After a time the repeated blows thin the walls of the minute blood vessels and often cause little localized bulges where the walls may be especially thinned. Then when an unusual strain is put on the heart by a heavy meal, an unusual muscular effort or a fit of anger one or more of the little bulging sacs give way, and the blood, pouring out, compresses the surrounding brain substance and produces an apoplectic stroke. Symptoms and treatment will be considered in a later article.

JOE'S EDUCATION

AMONG the modern parables that we find in "old Ed" Howe's entertaining Monthly is the following:

An old-gentleman had a son named Joe and said to him: "I'm getting old and tired. I want you to go to college, become thoroughly educated and take over the business. Then I will spend the rest of my life in ease."

So Joe went to college and did fairly well. At the end of eight years he was graduated and said to his father: "I'm told by the professors I should travel extensively before settling down and taking over the business."

And the father was willing, and Joe went abroad for three years with a liberal allowance.

Finally he came back, and his father met him joyfully. "Now," he said, "you can take over the business, and I will retire."

And Joe said: "Father, don't do that. Manage the business a few years longer in your usual vigorous fashion, and then we'll both retire."

Maryville Polytechnic School Maryville, Tennessee

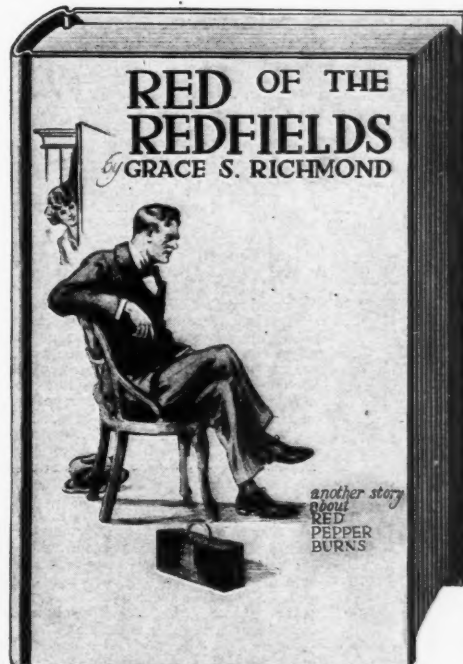


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Another "Red Pepper" Book RED OF THE REDFIELDS

By
Grace
Richmond



The principal characters are:

RED PEPPER BURNS, M.D.—Specialist in human nature.

MARCIA REDFIELD—Red's cousin... she's good for people, the way a stinging wind is good for them.

MISS RUSTY REDFIELD—Marcia's daughter, lively, a little devilish, and wonderful.

ANDY CARTER—A young hard-headed newspaper owner who is a little sentimental over Rusty.

FELIX ROWE—The "wintry boarder" at the home of Marcia Redfield... really a sick young man, but, poor fellow, no one babied him so he got well.

REV. BOB BLACK—A great man.

When you have read this story, tell your friends about Red of the Redfields. They will like it, too.

HUNDREDS of thousands of readers have become the ardent admirers, even more, the close friends, of that lovable medic, Dr. Red Pepper Burns. Dr. Red Pepper is a cousin of the Redfield family whose home is the center of action for this new story of Mrs. Richmond's. Felix Rowe, a brilliant writer who as a war correspondent insisted upon wielding a gun and was badly gassed and shot up, comes to Dr. Burns for treatment. There is nothing radically wrong with him except that he has no interest in life and his spirit has sunk into a lethargy from which no one is able to arouse it. "Red Pepper," realizing the stimulating, wholesome atmosphere of the Redfield's home, gets his cousin to take the brilliant young writer in.

Here is a family of seven, each member of which has a definite personality from Grandfather Redfield, an old newspaper editor, to Jim, the youngest of four young people. Red-haired Ruth, vivacious, alert, and cruelly witty, hectors Rowe, for she cannot disturb his complete indifference. Her college classmate tries to flirt with him, the boys frankly scorn him, while Mrs. Redfield ministers to his physical and mental wants with an unruffled cheeriness despite Rowe's utter unresponsiveness.

The story of how Rowe is finally aroused into an eager pursuer of life and living is one of the finest of Mrs. Richmond's long list of successful novels.

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Send us \$2.50 for one new yearly subscription for The Youth's Companion and we will present you with a copy of RED OF THE REDFIELDS sending it to you postpaid. The regular price of the book is \$2.00

NOTE: The Book is given only to present subscribers to pay them for introducing the paper into a home where it has not been taken the past 12 months.

The Youth's Companion · Boston, Mass.
881 Commonwealth Avenue

January



THE MOOSE

*Huge on a knoll above the trampled
yard
Where January's storm cloud
sinks and lifts,
The Bull Moose, heavy-antlered,
stands on guard,
Or, breast-deep, plows new paths
across the drifts.*

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

HIS LIFE FOR A FRIEND'S

M. BOITARD and M. Denis, two competitors in a balloon race organized by the Aéro Club of France, drifted out to sea in the darkness of night. Dawn found them near the Isle of Wight and falling rapidly. They threw out ballast, but continued to fall, and, as the balloon was drifting nearer and nearer the land, it seemed that they must surely crash into the cliff.

Meanwhile they had been discovered from the shore, where a crowd of onlookers had gathered. As the people watched they saw M. Boitard climb to the top of the basket and before his friend could stop him or anticipate his purpose wave his hand and leap into the sea. M. Denis, looking out, saw his friend strike the water.

Relieved of his weight, the balloon began to soar again. Clearing the cliffs, it traveled away over the land, and some time later its trailing rope was seized and the bag securely fastened.

As quickly as possible M. Denis landed and rushed off to rescue his gallant friend. But the spectators had not been idle; a doctor had driven his automobile at great speed to the nearest coast-guard station, hoisted a boat on the car and rushed it to the beach. There a volunteer crew had manned it and had picked up the balloonist when he was just at the point of exhaustion. Fortunately he soon recovered in the hospital, and there was afterwards a most affecting meeting between the two friends.

Reading of the incident, we realize the meaning of the following lines:

*"When'er is uttered a noble thought,
When'er a kindly deed is wrought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise."*

LIKE OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN

THERE'S a new group in the South Parish and a smaller one in the Creek district," announced Miss Otway jubilantly. "They're so eager they've started anyhow and are just blundering along by themselves. I've promised to go once a fortnight to each of them, but they want to meet oftener, and they really need a steady stand-by and an assistant in charge of things. I had thought of you, Miss Rand and Miss Heston."

"Why, of course, we'll take one class," responded Juliet Rand, "won't we, Jenny?"

"Of course," agreed Jenny Heston. Then, noticing a dubious look in Miss Otway's face, she added with a laugh, "and we'll neither of us care a bit which is head and which is assistant so long as we can work together. Juliet's the elder by three months—if you want to go by seniority."

"Jenny is more executive; I'm sure she's the right one," countered Juliet promptly.

"And I'm sure you're the right two," said Miss Otway quietly. "The right two for the two new classes. We've no one else nearly so well-fitted to take charge, but Miss Holmes could assist Miss Heston at the Creek, and Miss Hardie would be willing to help Miss Rand at the South Parish House. It works out beautifully."

Jenny and Juliet exchanged amazed glances. "But, Miss Otway," protested Jenny, "Juliet and I have always pulled together; we'd be lost and useless alone! Why can't we take one class, and Nellie Holmes and Rose Hardie the other?"

"You would neither of you be alone," Miss Otway reminded her. "You would each have an excellent helper."

"Oh, yes," assented Jenny hastily. "Nellie and Rose are all right; we don't object to them, of course. But we don't want to be separated. I'm sure we'll work better together, and we always have, and it's so much pleasanter."

"You would work better when it's pleasanter only if it's true that your hearts are so little in

the work that you would not work so well if it were less pleasant," said Miss Otway bluntly. "If that is what you really wish me to believe—but I can't believe it!"

"No, don't!" cried Juliet. "It wouldn't be true, would it, Jenny? We do put the work first, only—and of course we realize it's a kind of promotion too, but—"

"It's only and 'but' with me too, Miss Otway," admitted Jenny; "I don't like it a bit. Must we?"

"Promotion so far as it's a compliment or an opportunity for personal advantage can be declined with honor and with a certain grace of humility," conceded Miss Otway promptly, "but promotion means greater service; if there are others, equally able and standing ready, it's one thing; if there are not, it's another. But—"

"Never mind the 'buts' and 'onlys,' Miss Otway," interrupted Juliet mournfully. "We're convinced, Jenny, my child, you agree with me, I'm sure, that this isn't a case where we can behave like two silly geese of girls, as we'd like to? We're promoted to independent commands, and we've got to look upon our promotion like—like—"

"Officers and gentlemen!" Jenny finished for her with a reluctant smile.

A GAME OF LIVING CHESS

THE Russians have always been great chess players; it is the kind of contemplative, sedentary game that suits the Slavic temperament. Apparently under the new régime the ancient game thrives; at any rate we read in the New York Times that the authorities in Petrograd—or Leningrad—recently amused themselves and the public with a great game of living chess in the courtyard of the famous Winter Palace of the Czars. The match was supposed to be between the Red Army and the Red Navy.

Imagine the vast oblong, walled the correspondent, paved with cobblestones and flanked on three sides by the walls of the palace. On the open side is the Palace Garden with a view of the broad river Neva in the background. Each rail and balustrade was covered with a mass of spectators in gay-colored summer clothes. Before the entrance of the palace was a stone tribune holding three thousand people, and a thousand more were packed round the "chess board" in the centre of the courtyard, each of the black and white squares of which is fully four yards across.

On one side of the tribune were aligned the "whites," the soviet navy, in a trim double row. The pawns were sailors in long blue trousers, white blouses with blue scarfs and white and blue flat caps. The castles were machine guns on carriages with a sailor at each wheel. The knights were sailors astride stolid white horses. The bishops—called elephants in Russia—were naval officers in smart blue jackets and white trousers. The queen was a pretty blond girl in a navy cap, blouse, scarf and short blue skirt. The king was a big red flag guarded by two sailors. The khaki-clad army had a similar line-up, except that its horses were black and its queen was a charming brunette dressed as a peasant and holding a sheaf of yellow grain.

Behind the opposing lines sat two of the best known chess players in the city, civilians chosen by each side to fight its battle. They were perched on wooden stages like umpires at a tennis tournament. On the steps beside each of them respectively stood a sailor and a soldier with a megaphone to announce the moves.

Both forces stood stiffly at attention as the daily noon gun gave the signal for the game to begin. It lasted for five hours and ended in a draw, but, despite the intense heat, which made the courtyard like a furnace, the pieces, including the queens, never relaxed the stiffness of their pose and went through the moves with the rigidity of automatons. Even the horses behaved with typical Russian patience, except once when the steed of a black knight danced in his eagerness to take a white castle. From time to time Red Cross nurses offered refreshment to the combatants, who generally refused it stoically.

MR. PEASLEE'S YOUNG CITY FELLER

"WANTN'T that the young feller from the city, Peaslee, that you drove to the depot this mornin'?" demanded Deacon Hyne. "And wa'n't them his trunks in the back part of the wagon?"

Mr. Peaslee admitted as much and stopped. Mr. Hyne kept on doggedly:

"Hain't he been sort of sparkin' round that school ma'am up there to your place, the one that's always totin' a camera round with her?"

"I guess he might have thought he was sort of," Caleb replied reluctantly. "It kind of petered out, though, I guess, I don't believe he's got any sech notion now."

"What happened to make him give up?" persisted Mr. Hyne. "From what I see of him I shouldn't think you could discourage him any more'n you can a hoss-fly. He didn't seem to me to be a critter that'd take no for an answer."

"S a matter of fact," observed Mr. Peaslee deliberately, "I guess mebbe it wa'n't no he took exactly, but it was something that done just as well and showed him jest as plain mebbe that she hadn't much notion for him."

"As you was sayin' a spell back, he did 'tend out on her consid'able; I ain't sayin' 'how much

nor whether she wa'n't willin' he should up to a certain pint. I ain't sayin' 'bout that, because I don't know for certain one single thing about what she thought. I only know what I think myself, and that is he thought she was goin' to take up with him for good and all, and that she didn't have no sech idea from the beginnin'."

"She was always luggin' that camera round with her and was f'rever and eternally snappin' at things with it—me and my wife and the hired man and the cows and the hens and even a passel of shotes that was feedin' one day, and I wouldn't undertake to say what all; and she took consid'able many pictures of the city feller too. Some of 'em he knew about at the time, and some of 'em he never mistrusted a thing about, I reckon."

"It run along that way till a few days ago, and then my wife and I both noticed she was gettin' some irked at the way the young feller kep' after her; seemed like he wa'n't willin' to be away from her at all. She didn't say anythin', but we both noticed her lookin' at him odd times kind of cur'us and spec'latin', and it was plain 'nough she was turnin' somethin' over in her mind."

"Day b'fore yest'day she asked me if I couldn't darken a room for her out in the shed, so she could print off some of the pictures she'd took. I rigged up a piece of hoss blanket over the window and chinked up a crack or two, and she went to work in there. Off and on she put in the best part of the day in there, and come evenin' she had a lot of pictures got ready. She brought 'em down and left 'em on the table in the settin' room, and my wife and I both went in and looked at 'em together, and after we'd seen the first one we wouldn't either of us have moved 'em out of sight for the world almost."

"In the course of five minutes or so the young feller come into the room 'sif he was huntin' for somethin' or somebody. He was jest turnin' to go out again when he ketched sight of the pictures, and he stepped along to the table to look at 'em. My wife was watchin' him through a crack in the kitchen door, and she beckoned me to look, so we both saw the hull thing."

"Fust one he picked up was one of him time he tried to slide down out of the pear tree and ketched his belt and hung there on a knot till I could go and get him down. The next one was the time he got to foolin' with a wasp's nest, spite of all I could say, and she got a picture of him runnin' and beatin' 'em off'n his head with both hands. 'Nother one was when he was showin' off, walkin' a log 'cross the brook, and he slipped and went into two feet of water and 'bout a foot of mud underneath. He looked as much like a drowned muskrat as anything else when he started for the house, and that was when she snapped him. He was pretty red when he laid that one down."

"I ain't goin' to try to tell you of all of 'em, but the last one he bothered to look at was one she took when he didn't know anybody was lookin'. I know well 'nough. It was one where he was out by the back kitchen door, talkin' to that light-headed Clara Beeson, that my wife had to help in the kitchen a spell. He looked in that one the most foolish and languishin' of anything I ever saw in the semblance of a human."

"He give that picture jest one look—and talk about turnin' red in the face; his face was wuss'n red; it was garnet! He slammed that picture down on the table, and he wheeled and put off upstairs, and beside him a ramrod would have been as limber and yieldin' as a willer twig! And he didn't come down again either—not to supper nor to breakfast nor any time till 'bout twenty minutes before train time. I drove him to the depot, and he wa'n't very social on the way either."

"So," concluded Mr. Peaslee, "while he didn't exactly get no for an answer he got jest as good as that. Wouldn't you say so, Hyne?"

HOW MANY TOES?

HER first child, a daughter, was born to Mrs. Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto, now an instructor in Japanese history and language in the extension department of Columbia University, while she was yet an eager and shy young bride, intensely interested in America and in American ways. The baby was prettily named Hanano—Flower in a Strange Land.

One of the first callers the baby had, records Mrs. Sugimoto in one of the charming autobiographical papers that she has been contributing to Asia, was our faithful black laundress, Minty. She had been washing for years for the lady I called my "American mother," and when I came she accepted the additional burden of my queer clothes with kind good-nature. She had never spoken of them as being different from others, but several times I noticed her examining them with interest, especially my white foot mittens. These were made of cotton or silk, with the great toe separated as the thumb of a hand mitten is. When she came upstairs to see the baby the nurse was holding the little one on her lap, and Minty, squatting down by her side and talking baby talk, cooed and clucked in the most motherly fashion.

Presently she looked up. "Can I see her feet?" she asked.

"Certainly," said the nurse, turning up the baby's long dress and cuddling the little pink feet in her hand.

"My lawsy me!" cried Minty in a tone of the greatest astonishment. "If they ain't jest like ourn!"

"Of course," said the surprised nurse. "What did you think?"

"Why, the stockin's is double," said Minty almost in a tone of awe, "and I s'posed they wuz two-toed folks."

When the nurse told my husband he shouted with merriment and finally said, "Well, Minty has struck back for the whole European race and got even with Japan."

The nurse was puzzled, but I knew very well what he meant. When I was a child it was a general belief among the common people of Japan that Europeans had feet like horses' hoofs, because they wore leather bags on their feet instead of sandals. That is why one of our old-fashioned names for foreigners was "one-toed fellows."

THE REMARKABLE WORD "SACK"

PROBABLY none of our readers think of "sack" as a word in any way remarkable, but Dr. C. G. Williamson in his book *Curious Survivals* reminds us that the word has a strange origin and is connected with a curious story.

We probably got that word "sack," he says, from a Coptic or Egyptian word "sok," which means a kind of canvas or cloth from which a bag was made. The word survives sackcloth.

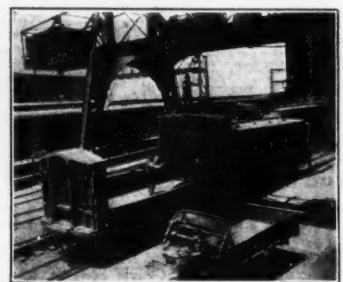
The story is that the word "sok" was the last word uttered before the tongues were confounded at Babel and that consequently it appears in every language in an almost identical form. Curiously enough, the second statement is true.

The Irish "sac" is the same as the French word; the Latin "saccus" is closely related to the Italian "sacco" and to the Spanish "saco." In Greek it is "sakkos," in Hebrew "sak" or "sag," in Egyptian or in Coptic "sak," in Dutch "zak" and in Swedish "säck"; and the same word appears in many other languages without any real change. In slang or colloquial talk we now apply it in quite another fashion; when we talk of a person's getting the sack we intend delicately to intimate that he has been discharged from his employment. That use we probably derive from the Turkish custom of getting rid of undesirable persons by putting them into a sack and throwing them into the Bosphorus.

THE CONTAINER CAR

THE "container car," which the United States Railroad Administration used extensively during the war, and which now is used chiefly on the New York Central, consists of a number of steel boxlike containers that can be clamped firmly into place on a flat car. The containers are virtually steel safes and have strong locks.

A merchant who has, say, a tenth of a carload of goods to send to a single destination fills one of the steel boxes on his own premises and sends it by motor truck to the railway freight yard. There a crane hoists it aboard the car, and it starts on its journey. At the various transfer points the container is lifted from car



Loading one of the container boxes on the car

to car without disturbing its contents and is never opened until it reaches the warehouse of the consignee.

A special form of container has recently been devised for carrying milk. It is a glass-lined tank with insulated walls that do away with the necessity of using ice. One of the tanks will hold eight hundred and twenty-five gallons and can be transferred between car and truck in a minute and a half. To handle the same quantity of milk in the standard ten-gallon cans takes more than an hour.

The container car is of course in its infancy. In time it may well be the standard method of shipping goods by highway, by railway and by waterway.

CONFUSING THE GUNNER'S MATE

IN his recent book, *A Story-Teller*, Mr. W. Pett Ridge relates the following incident as a good example of formalism in the British Navy:

A gunner's mate was examining the class. "What are the advantages of a turret over a barbette?" he asked.

"The crew has better protection," replied a member of the class. "The arc of fire—"

"You've got it all muddled," complained the gunner's mate. "'Cording to this book, you ought to answer, 'Many.' And then I say 'Name them.'"



For Parties

SWEETS are always essential for birthday and children's parties. Mothers wish to provide a dainty that is light and delicious and yet will take the place of heavy, indigestible desserts. Jell-O, made from purest gelatin, cane sugar, and fruit juices, contains only healthful ingredients. It is a favorite with children, providing a satisfying, nourishing sweet.

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THE RUMFORD PRESS



Annapolis, Md.
August 25, 1924.

"To Future Boxing Champions"

Boxing is a sport that requires perfect condition twelve months of the year.

A boxer must have strength and wind to land telling blows, hooks and uppercuts throughout every round of a bout, so take care of your health. Exercise regularly, eat the right food and look after your teeth - if you hope to win in the ring - or in your life work.

Sincerely yours,

Spike Webb
Olympic Boxing Coach,
1920 - 1924.

COLGATE'S

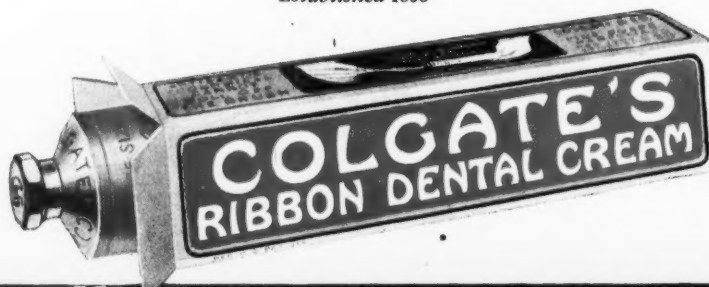
A Good Paste in the Mouth!

Amateur boxers from America "cleaned up" at the Olympic Games in Paris last summer. And "Spike" Webb was their coach. He trained the men. He taught them how to punch.

"Spike" knows how to keep in good condition. Read what he writes about teeth.

Brush your teeth regularly—after each meal and before you go to bed. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the *safe* dentifrice to use. It deals a knockout to causes of tooth decay—*removes them*. It cleans teeth the right way—and sells at the right price—25c for the large tube.

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